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THE GLEANER,

OR

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THE GLEANER.

Sleight of Teeth. There are various kinds of Sleight in this slighting world of ours—such as sleight of hand, sleight of feet, sleight of memory, sleight of teeth, &c. The first is shewn in the diverting tricks of the juggler; the second, in running away from a creditor; the third, in forgetting a promise; and the fourth in eating at other people's cost, and dining upon fire, a la Chabert—and the like. But among all the sleight of teeth tricks, we have heard of, the following is not the least worthy of commemoration.

A pedlar, whom we shall call Peter Snicker, put up at a Dutch tavern in the interior, about the commencement of a severe northeaster, and as the weather for some time continued stormy, he was in no haste to abandon his comfortable quarters. For several days both he and his horse exercised their teeth to good advantage, and a bill to the amount of some ten dollars was incurred. As every storm, however, has been, or will be followed by sunshine, so in this case the clouds began to break away, and Peter began to think of picking up his notions and being off. Having broken his fast preparatory to his departure, he took a pipe as usual

with mine host, and both engaged very briskly in the pleasures of fumigation and confabulation. At length drawing the pipe from his mouth, and peeping under the forestick at the red-hot flip-iron, usually styled a loggerhead, Peter said carelessly :

"Land'ord, what'll you bet a dollar I can't bite an inch off of that are red-hot loggerhead?"

"Wy, you tam Yankee fool," said the Dutchman, "I knows you can't do it."

"Well now," returned the pedlar, "I'll bet you my load of tin ware, and other notions, against the amount of my bill, that I'll do it."

"Done!" said the landlord.

"Done!" said the pedlar.

A group now gathered round to see the pedlar eat hot iron.

"That's a cool load of tin-ware of yours," said one, with a quizzical smile.

"Not so cool as you think for," said Peter.

"You're a gone goose, friend," said another, with an ominous shake of the head.

"If I am, I'll give you leave to pluck me," returned Peter.

"If I was in your place, I should prefer a *cold* snack," said a third.

"I'm not very particular," said Peter, "besides you know a poor pedlar can't always chose."

By this time he had got the loggerhead near his mouth, and ready for the exhibition. "Take notice, gentlemen," said he, "I am to bite an inch off of this ere loggerhead, and *have the amount of my bill for so doing*; but if I fail to do it, *I am to forfeit my load of tin-ware and other notions, and*

pay my bill into the bargain. Isn't that the agreement, land'ord?"

"Yes," said the Dutchman, "dat is de akreement—take notice, zechentlemens."

"Now observe," said the pedlar, "and see that I do it properly."

"Yes, opsarve," said the Dutchman, "and zee dat he does broberly."

The pedlar now moved the red-hot iron towards his teeth, gave a sudden snap, and replaced the instrument beneath the fore-stick.

"Is dat all?" said the landlord, drawing half a dozen rapid whiffs from his pipe. "If dat be all I could do it mine-self."

"I dare say you could," coolly returned the man of notions, "if you had thought of it. But I'll be going now, if you please, and will thank you for my horse."

"But de horse and de odder notions are mine," said the Dutchman.

"O no, my dear sir," said the pedlar, "I happen to be the winner."

"Ten tousand tifels!" exclaimed the Dutchman, dashing his pipe on the floor—"how do you make dat out? you did not bite off an inch of de hot iron."

"No, but I bit an inch, if not more, *off of it*. I'll thank you for my horse."

"O you tam Yankee cheat! you gets round me once; but I'll look out for you negst dime. Here, Haunse, vetch up de fellow's horse, give him a glass of pitters, and let him go."—*N. Y. Constellation.*

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

———*Thou Stream,
Whose source is inaccessiblely profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
—Thou imagest my life.*

Darkly thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave !
The laughing sunshine hath not look'd
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way !
No fairy moss, or lily's cup,
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave ;
Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave !

Yet once will day behold thee,
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd veins,
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine,
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the Ocean's billowy host.

Oh ! art thou not, dark river !
Like the fearful thoughts untold,
Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have roll'd ?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—
Who hath not felt their power?
Yet who hath breath'd them to his friend,
Ev'n in his fondest hour?

They hold no heart-communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast;
They come and go, and leave no trace
Of their mysterious quest.

Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day.

Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship. It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as he was expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities, which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were gravely seated to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac made a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady—a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—Oh the timidity of some, thought the lady—when lo, Sir Isaac got hold of her hand. Now the palpitations began—he will kiss it no doubt thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand near his lips; already the expected salutation vibrated from the hand to the heart,

when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore finger what he much wanted—A TOBACCO STOPPER!

Pedantry Reproved. A young man who was a Student in one of our Colleges, being very vain of his knowledge of the Latin language, embraced every opportunity that offered, to utter short sentences in Latin before his more illiterate companions. An uncle of his, who was a seafaring man, having just arrived from a long voyage, invited his nephew to visit him on board of the ship. The young gentleman went on board, and was highly pleased with every thing he saw.—Wishing to give his uncle an idea of his superior knowledge, he tapped him on the shoulder, and pointing to the windlass, asked, “*Quid est hoc?*” His uncle, being a man who despised such vanity, took a chew of tobacco from his mouth, and throwing it in his nephew’s face replied, “*Hoc est quid.*”

TO A LADY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The star that gilds Life’s morning sky
 Smiles sweetly o’er thee now,
 And flowers around thy pathway lie,
 And roses crown thy brow,
 Which shade their wealth of rich perfume
 Mid ringlets trembling, like a plume;
 And a deep witchery, soft and bright,
 Is floating in thine eyes of light.

Thy soul is music—not a tone
 That charms the silver sea,
 When Heaven is bending calm and lone,
 And night-airs wander free.

Through spirit-chords that unseen thrill,
Can, with such magic sweetness, fill
My heart with rapture, or unseal
The bliss that only Love can feel !

Holy and pure, thy angel smile
Is mirror'd on my dreams,
As evening's first-shrined, golden isle
Sleeps on her shadow'd streams ;
And o'er my thoughts thy vision floats,
Like melody of spring-bird notes,
When the glad halcyon gently laves
Her plumage in the bright, blue waves.

I cannot gaze on aught that wears
The beauty of the skies,
Or aught that in Life's valley shares
The glow of Paradise ;
I cannot look upon a star,
Or cloud that seems a seraph's car,
Or any form of purity,
Unmingled with a dream of thee !

When evening's tears rest beautiful
Upon the rose's cheek,
And the mild, weary zephyrs lull,
Or softest cadence speak,
There's one lone bird, that loves to fling
His song upon the incense-wing
Of folded bud and open flower,
Where silence weaves her moonlit bower.

And thus, to thee, my heart's own rose !
I pour my lay of love,
While thy sweet memory round me'flows,
And skies are bright above
With countless gems, that seem to bloom
Like heavenly blossoms o'er the gloom,
Which, in unbreathing stillness, Night
Has hung around Day's throne of light !

A Sketch Going from Coventry to Birmingham, I found myself on the top of the mail coach, alongside the first genuine specimen of a *John Bull* that I had met with since I landed in England. He was about 50 years of age; tall, well made, and except a slight portliness, he appeared athletic. His complexion was fresh, indeed sanguine, aquiline nose; prominent chin—between which a pair of firm compressed lips now and then displayed a *double* row of *double* teeth. These were slightly tinged with tobacco, the juice of which escaped down the crevices at either side of his mouth. His dress was also characteristic, indicating a man of independent circumstances, alike above want and the fashion. A blue coat with yellow buttons, drab small clothes, white-top boots, white Marseilles waistcoat, cravat rather dirty, and tied round his neck like a rope, and a broad brimmed hat.

As he arranged a drab fearnought greatcoat under him, and settled his broad quarters slowly down, he gave me a look which said as plainly as words could say, “Halloo friend! let you be who you will; I don’t care a d—n for you.” He however, gave me a side nod, and, for civility’s sake, said “fine weather this arternoon.” To this I yielded a cheerful assent. It was my habit either to make the first approach to the John Bulls or to improve one from them, on the instant or I might have come home as ignorant of them as I went. I also suffered myself to pass for awhile as an Englishman to hear those admissions they never make to foreigners.

Just at the moment, a dashing equipage passed us at a furious rate; and as the street was narrow, several persons made a narrow escape.

“D—n these ’ere upstarts,” says he: “they must make a *splash* if they die for’t, and kill other folks too for that mat-

ter. These Lords care no more for common folks than for cattle ; but John Bull is'nt the man to be trod on. Too many Lords in this country, rot 'em ! Jist like rats in a malt house ; I wish I had 'em in a trap."

He then informed me he was an extensive malster, and had been to London to be questioned by ministers.

"An etarnal gret city is Lun'un ; can buy all the world and more besides. More money in Lun'un than in the whole *arth*—'twill swaller up all the world and Old England too, if she don't look sharp. Have ever been to Lun'un? eh! Well it's a tarnel gret sight to see! You must know I writ a book on malting—astonished every body! I'm the devil to git to the bottom of things. So Harry Goulburn he sends for me to tell him all about it. A *nice* man that Goulburn—but *knows nothing of malting* ; I can wind him round my finger at *that* business. It's astonishing how little these fellers knows, hey? I saw the Duke, too—devil of a feller to fight, *but knows no more about malting than my foot*. could *lick* the whole knit of them at *that* business *with* one hand, as easy as Wellinton licked the parley-voos. He's a gret *gineral* that's sartin : he could lick the *hull* world as *easy* as turn his thumb.—The British are the devil when they set out on a thing, eh? won't stop short of hell itself when once fairly started."

Says I, "Do you think he'll fight the Russians!" "The Russians! what *presumption* for the Russians to think of *fitain* old England!! The Duke'ud flog 'em in two minits." "Perhaps," says I "he *would* do it if it were not for the taxes and national debt." Pooh, what's the national debt?—the city of Lun'un alone would pay it in two minits ; and as for the taxes, *let 'um take off the duty on malt*, and every thing'ud go right." "That and the tythes," says I. "Yes, d—"

the Clargy, for a useless set of bloodsuckers—a lazy se reckless scamps; feedin on *sinycures* and the bowels of poor—rot 'em, I wish old England was well rid on 'e This I always found a sore subject, and one that is hurr the nation towards irreligion faster than all other things c bined.

I then made myself known as an American, and told we had no tythes and few taxes. “An Amerrycan Where from? Columby?” No. “From Mexico?” “From Peru?” No. “Where then?” North Ame—United States. “Oh, aye, somewhere near Can aye—thought you looked foreignish, and didn’t talk like Hinglish. Come over in a steam-boat I ’spose? Heat ish country that, hey? Got any manufactories? must rum ’uns! How long did it take you to learn Hinglis I have only been in England two weeks; they all talk as in America. “Come, that’s a good ’un; make me bel ~~that~~ I thought from your lingo that you was foreigner f the first.—Queer sort of farmers, I guess in your cour eh? Suppose if some on ’em were in the field with t reapers, they would take ’em for wild beasts, eh? and c ’em.” What (says I) do you think of me? I am a farn son. “You! you! why, you have been in Hingland, and l a thing or two. *There’s* Brumagem!! look! smol like all hell!—an etarnal gret city! Have ever beer Brum’m?” No. “Well then, you’ll have something to b of, when you get home, hey?”

On arriving at the “Hen and Chickens” hotel, he scended, pulled out a handful of silver, and paid the coachm and bade me adieu by saying “I wish you well, friend,” *trudged off* with his drab great-coat on his arm.—*New Y American.*

The Astonished Fiddler. At a harmonious party lately given in Bute by Mr. Buccleugh, the enterprising farmer, there was one of the sons of Orpheus, vulgarly called "a blind fiddler," who discoursed "most eloquent music," and exercised so powerful a sway over the dancing energies of all present, that to a mere looker on, the people must have appeared little short of crazed. Nobody seemed to be more affected with the hilarity of the moment than our good host himself. Running up to the fiddler, and taking him in his arms in an extacy of delight—"My dear little fellow," exclaimed he, "how gloriously you play! Who hath not heard how David's harmony drove away the evil spirits from King Saul? Do you play by the *ear*, you *charming* rascal?" "*Yea!*" responded the astonished scraper of catgut, with an arch grin, "faith, ye wud hae a belly-ful o' it. Na, na, sir, I play only by the *nicht!*"

A Frugal Present no Gift. The British Government paid a Capt. Thom £5,000 for the freight to Quebec, of twenty-four 24 pounders, designed for a battery on the Lakes, during the last war. A contract was then made, at £900 the gun, for their transfer up to the Lakes on the ice; the contractor underlet for £500, clearing by his job of no work £9,600. The whole expense of transporting these guns was £26,600, or \$118,104. Within three days after their arrival on the Lakes, they were in the *possession of the Yankees*, who took them without paying freight, charges, or even the original cost, and who were so rude as not to thank the British Minister for the trouble and expense he had been at, in *furnishing* twenty-four excellent guns for their use.

Missionary Anecdote. A pious missionary, who had seated himself near the Penobscot tribe of Indians, in the early part of the settlement of Maine, had formed high hopes of the attainment of one of the natives, who appeared unusually attentive, and whom he, in return, received with the hospitality of the times. One day his supposed convert called on him, and waiting for the expected refreshment some time, began to repeat, with great earnestness, a number of scriptural names, but without much arrangement, "Job, Solomon, Saint Paul, Peter, Adam, Eve, Matthew, Mark, David, Joshua, &c." "What in the world," exclaimed the astonished missionary, "does this mean 'Mean' (said Commishawas, the convert,) "it mean C DER!!"

Swimming on dry land. One of the steam-boats while ago, in passing through Long Island Sound, had the misfortune to be run ashore. There was no little perturbation and affright among the passengers, and one gentleman was so terrified, that forgetting where the boat was, and expecting every moment to go to the bottom, he leapt headlong, with all his duds on, to swim to land. He thrust out his arms and legs, and paddled with all the strength and skill he was master of—vigorously throwing aside the sand and pebbles, and buffeting with lusty sinews the obstinate and opposing earth. He puffed, and blowed, and pushed ahead, till he thought himself fairly out of reach of the sun when rising on his feet, and looking back to see the danger he had escaped, he found that he had been swimming on dry land!—*N. Y. Constellation.*

Theatrical Cupping and Bleeding. Soon after Kean's first appearance in *Sir Giles Overreach*, the Drury-lane actors, wishing to keep pace with the march of intellect, proposed to collect among the *brethren* the purchase-money of a silver cup, on which they intended to emblazon all the virtues of "the abstemious *Roscius*;" and present it to him as a token of their admiration. The veteran Munden (whose *Marral* was at least equal to the other's *Sir Giles*) on being asked for his subscription, flatly refused, with—"I part with my guinea because Mr. Kean is a good actor!—My precious eyes!—I have been called a good actor these fifty years, but my *brethren* never gave me any silver tokens of their admiration; my *brethren* never gave Mrs. Siddons or John Kemble any metallic tokens of their admiration! Poh! I was born before this age of humbug. It won't do, Sir—you may *cup* Mr. Kean, but I'll be——if you *bleed* old Joey Munden." And he buttoned up his pockets as though he was afraid some rebellious guinea should jump out of it.

Ugliness. A loungee at a tavern, seeing a gentleman ride up to the door, rose and accosted him; "Stranger, don't your face ache?" "No, why do you ask that question?" "It looked so ugly, I thought it must hurt you."

A Waggish Conjuror. Mr. Devaynes, a respectable gentleman who resided in Liverpool between twenty and thirty years since, was unrivalled as an amateur performer of sleight of hand, or legerdemain:—there was not a trick of *Katerfelto*, *Breslaw*, or any other professional juggler, which

was not familiar to him. But whilst he equalled any of the itinerant conjurors in the neatness and dexterity with which he performed his feats, there was one exploit in which he left all competitors in the back ground. He had by incessant practice, arrived at such perfection in the art of apparently swallowing fruit, knives, glasses, bottles, and larger bodies, that no eye could discover in what manner he disposed of them. What enhanced the effect was his color, which was only one remove from that of the African, from whom he was descended; and being also a man of strongly marked features and huge eyes, which he could roll about with great effect, his performances were by many persons ascribed to the agency of the evil spirit to whom he was assimilated in color; for you mortals, for what reason I cannot comprehend, always paint his Satanic Majesty black. Even your favorite poet Burns (second only to Shakspeare for vigor and truth of delineation) has fallen in with this notion in his immortal Tam O'Shanter :

‘There sat auld Nick, in shape o’ beast
A towzie tyke, BLACK, grim and large,’

And again in his address to this same ‘Grim towzie tyke’ he says,

‘O thou, whatever tittle suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie;
Wha’ in you cavern grim and sootie
Clos’d under hatches,
Spairges about the brimstone cootie
To scaud poor wretches!’

But to resume my narrative. Many is the time that affrighting the country folks collected round

———‘the ingle bleezing finely,’

By swallowing knives and forks, mustard pots, and per

tankards, the landlady upon his taking his leave has refused to receive his money, and blessed herself ~~that~~ she has got rid of him so easily. A respectable merchant who lived in Milnthorpe, in Westmorland, once invited Devaynes to accompany him from Liverpool to his residence, during the shooting season, and they set out together on their journey, on horseback amusing themselves at every place where they alighted at the expense of the gaping country-folks, who had never before seen any performance of the kind. On their way they happened to stop and dine at Garstang, and as it was market day, they promised themselves some diversion with the country-folks assembled in the kitchen. Accordingly after dinner, under the pretence of preferring the ample kitchen fire to that in the parlour, they took their seats amongst the venders of eggs and poultry, and a most whimsical scene followed. Devaynes began by offering the waiter a guinea to change for his dinner bill, but, lo ! when the waiter arrived at the bar the guinea was metamorphosed into a shilling, with which the poor fellow returned in great dismay. Devaynes once more appeared to deposit a guinea in his hand, and told him to hold it fast ; but what was his astonishment on presenting the money to the landlady to find a halfpenny instead of a guinea ! The good people around were by this time as much surprised and terrified as the waiter, and to heighten the effect, Devaynes, after swallowing glasses, pots, and a huge piece of gammon of bacon, called for Boots to bring him a pair of slippers ; which he bolted down after the rest. The astonishment and consternation of the market-folks were now indescribable, and Devaynes, as a climax, fixing his eyes in a strange manner upon his friend, complained of a dreadful pain in the stomach. *His friend asked him if he had been eating any thing that*

disagreed with him ; to which Devaynes replied, " I don't know, except it be that little child, which you know I swallowed last night for supper ; I forgot to take off its shoes, and it is kicking me like fury." There was no standing this.—All the company rose pell-mell and rushed to the door, convinced now, as they had already suspected, that the dark man was no other than the devil himself. The best of the joke, however, remains to be told. The merchant's horse, when it felt the spur, was in the habit of cocking up his tail, a circumstance which had not escaped Devaynes, who was constantly on the watch for whimsical incidents. Having once more in vain pressed the landlady to receive the amount of the reckoning, he and his friend mounted their horses to proceed on their journey. By this time the report of what had passed in the kitchen not forgetting the swallowing of the child, had been noised all over the place, and all the market people had assembled round the inn door to see the cannibal quit the village. Having given the cue to his friend, who preceded but a few yards, he roared out, " Nag, cock your tail !" which word of command, the beast, ' by the heel admonished,' instantly obeyed, and the travellers trotted out of town highly diverted with an adventure which almost terrified to death the simple country-folks, who thanked Heaven that they had at length got fairly rid of the devil, for such they were firmly persuaded he must be who could swallow a child and make a horse cock its tail at the word of command.



A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."

ROGERS.

Come, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil ;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise !
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
 On a dimity lap of true nursery make !
 I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
 That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
 When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
 Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
 Oh ! how little they dreamt they were driving them in !

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
 But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note ;
 Did you ever attempt a small " bubble and squeak,"
 Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat ?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce ?
 Did you ever come down to the floor with the same ?
 Oh ! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
 " Head or tails" with a child, an unpleasantish game !

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
 With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight ;
 Why should weeks have an end ?—I am sure there was need
 Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub ?
 Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand ?
 Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
 And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand ?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
 For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
 But how well I remember that " pepper and salt"
 That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees !

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke !
 With a lanky right leg duly planted before ;
 Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
 And extended *my* arms as " the arms that he wore !"

Next a Lover—Oh ! say, were you ever in love ?
 With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot !

Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove ?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot ?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men ?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh ! I seem but the *biffn* of what I was then !

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days ;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays ! *Hood.*

Paganini, the wonderful Violinist. Paganini is about forty-five or forty-six years old ; about the middle height, built thin and frail, and with a constitutional air of languor ; his manner, though modest, is not wanting in ease, self-possession and dignity. He has the extreme paleness of the melancholic temperament ; and his hair is jet-black, long, and clusters round his head in thick curls. The nose being prominent, and the features generally long and thin, his face is what is called by physicians, *hippocratic*. His eyes are small, quick, piercing, expressive ; his countenance, without being forbidding, is not attractive at the first glance, but becomes highly so the moment he is animated. He is, on the whole, of a sickly appearance, and has, in fact suffered for years from an affection of the lungs, owing to the extreme narrowness of his chest.

Weak in his organization, Paganini is yet one of the most striking examples of the super-human energy communicated by the inspiration of genius. As soon as he grasps his violin, it seems as if some ray from above had alighted on him and fired his being. His weakness, his debility, are shuffled aside, like broken shackles ; he is full of new life, a

new existence dawns upon him, and during his performance, his muscular ability is more than quintupled. After he has completed a fine piece of execution, he shows the same symptoms as an epileptic patient; a dripping sweat exudes from his cold and livid skin; his pulse is lost; and if he is questioned even upon the state of his feelings, he cannot answer, or if he does, it is in monosyllables, and so entirely at random, that as often as not, it is the reverse of his meaning. The night after his concerts he cannot sleep, and is in a state of nervous agitation, which lasts sometimes for two or three days. These observations were communicated to us by Doctor Bennati, who was his attending physician while in Vienna.

It is the general belief that Paganini has fingers unnaturally long; but it is an error; his hands are exactly proportioned to his stature, and rather small than large; but they are dry, nervous, and the perfectly formed fingers are very slender. His left hand has an alertness of motion almost incredible; and he can, at will, bend the thumb, at the same time extending the web from the fingers, until he lifts the joint from the socket. This species of dislocation, which he effects without effort, is, as may be guessed, the result of long habit; and the extension has given a peculiar stretch and curve to that part of the hand. Paganini acquired it by exercising himself in that way in extreme childhood, under the tutelage of his father who was, himself, a very skilful and distinguished violinist. From his father he received his first lessons; he then became the pupil of Rolla; at eight years old he gave concerts, and at twelve he began to compose. At fourteen, he was elected leader of the orchestra at Lucca. From there he went to Naples, where he met with much admiration and encouragement. It

is said that it was the princess Eliza Bonaparte, who, after hearing the melody of the sounds he drew from the fourth string, suggested to him the idea of composing a concerto for that cord.

Men of genius are usually supposed to be eccentric, and to live after a different fashion from common men. This may be true to a certain extent ; but the general impression seldom hits the fact, and often runs into the ridiculous or the monstrous. It would be laughable to relate the half of the idle stories current about Paganini's appearances and disappearances and amours. One story has it, that he owes his execution to the ennui of a long imprisonment ; another, that Paganini poisoned his wife. The latter story gave him some trouble when at Vienna, and he insisted that the Austrian government should take information upon it, and by legal process preserve him from the absurd imputation. By the proper inquiries and evidence, the authorities were convinced and the public undeceived on the rumour. It arose from this circumstance, that when Paganini was giving concerts at Milan, a famous Polish musician who gave concerts also, had been arrested for debt, and was no sooner in prison, than it was discovered that he had rid himself of his mistress, by poison. The story flew, that a great musician had been imprisoned ; and as Paganini was the greatest, and a stranger, it fastened upon his name. Malice propagated the tale ; the means of publicity were then in interdict in Italy, and before he could correct it, or was aware how it had spread, the slander had preceded Paganini to Vienna, and even prejudiced the inhabitants against him. There, as already said, it was arrested.

In the hands of Paganini, the violin has become an entirely new instrument. Impelled by his genius beyond the

methods of practice taught before his time, he takes for his starting-point the very goal of all performers hitherto known. Proceeding with indescribable boldness and instinctive innovation, in a track of his own, he has invented and makes use of resources and powers, that seem like sorcery. Still, when he modifies, or changes, he is above all, original, for he works in a new sphere. He has altered every thing, displaced every thing, increased every thing, and with such good effect upon his art, that he seems to have new modelled it. Paganini has done just the reverse of some singers who make of the voice an instrument; he has made of his instrument a voice that articulates his musical conceptions. In his playing there is neither cord nor bow; his violin is only the organ by which the musician expresses himself; it is not a separate tool, to manage which there is a way and an art; it is on the contrary, to him, we repeat it, an organ, the command over which has become a part of his nature.

No one can have any idea of his performance who has not heard him. No one can believe it possible that science and practice could extend so far. He astonishes at once the heart and the mind, and surpasses the imagination.—The impressions which his music excites are such as have never entered into the mind to conceive; and the effect that they elicit is something more than pleasure, it is an extacy. All the great violinists known have had a style, a mode, a manner peculiarly their own, which is never lost, and always distinguishable. It is not so with Paganini. No one can say of his performance, so Paganini will do; that is Paganini's manner. The listener recognizes nothing save, by turns, pleasure, or grief, or despair, or rage; it is eloquence, it is song, it is sound delivering all kinds of expression.

He is not an artist of such common sort, as to study out coldly, and fix upon rest and accents, of measured elegance ; those which he gives are the spontaneous effect of the sentiment under control of which he plays ; and he who hears him, feels with him, goes with him, and anticipates them. Notwithstanding that he is thus continually governed by some inward, moving impulse, there are some characteristics in his execution which never vary, and may therefore be defined. He holds his bow more perpendicularly than is customary ; he draws it easy and wide ; the touch is free, clean and majestic ; the freedom with which he moves the bow seems to double the sweep ; there is in his handling, a lightness, a grace, so decided, that it is very pleasing to the eye, at the same time that he delights the ear. He runs through the whole scale without any perceptible variation or difference in the quality of the notes ; from the highest to the lowest, each is pure, full, round, and brilliant, or of a mellowness exquisitely adapted to the effect which is designed ; like a rain of pearls, scattering apart or falling together, and magically settling in ornamental forms. So fertile and so splendid is the variety of his play, that his *forte* is the most unequalled and most extraordinary ever drawn from the violin ; yet his *piano* is the most delicate and most flowing ; his *adagio* has a grace and a sweetness of expression that thrills the soul, and sets the heart a-throbbing ; in his *allegro*, there is a wild overflow of gaiety, a frankness and an impetuosity of cadence to which it is in vain to resist ; or sometimes a coquettish frolicsomeness full of spirit and caprice, which is made more striking by the use of a *pizzicato*, the power and application of which are known only to himself. His play is finally, a discoursing of harmonies, in which his erudition keeps pace with his bold-

ness and originality ; and in his execution there runs throughout a power of *staccato* for every sound, from the most acute, to the most grave. He makes a sport of that, which for great violinists has been the *ne plus ultra* of difficulty ; he can execute double-string with more ease and perfection than any has ever performed on the single string ; he is never afraid of this feat of strength, and performs it with equal certainty in every position. He once introduced into a *concerto* of Kreutzer, a *duetto cantabile*, played double-string entirely.

No one, that we yet have heard of, was ever able to draw forth a succession of chords in three parts simultaneously ; Paganini is lavish of them in his *cadenza ad libitum*. There, in a movement the most rapid imaginable, he will practise this grace, and at such times it has ever been noticed that he would harmonize crowds of the most complicated discords without the justness or intensity of the three parts suffering in the least.

Though Paganini is always admirable, he is never more so than when he passes from the support of the orchestra, and performs solo ; then are seen together the power of his miraculous hand, the delusion of his many-voiced play, the secret which is his alone ; it is worth while to hear him on the four strings at once ; while his bow is giving out some enchanting melody, some exquisitely modulated air, his other fingers, by a various and *arpeggio* movement, keep up, without interruption, sometimes a bass, sometimes a full accompaniment. The fusion of the *arpeggio* sounds into the of the air produced under the bow, is astonishing, and I wilders with surprise the greatest masters. He always concludes by a drive of *arpeggio* variations, so full, so vehement, that the velocity of his bow puts him completely at rest.

Many persons boast of being able to read music at sight ; however expert they may be, we advise them not to measure their strength with Paganini ; he does not read music ; if he knows the author,—one glimpse, and he is sure of it beforehand. In his musical tours he has very often advertised in his *placards* to play, the same evening, any concerto that the Professors of Music would put before him. He once made a challenge of this sort at Milan ; Rolla, the leader of the orchestra of *la Scala*, a famous violinist, engaged to answer the challenge ; he composed a concerto expressly, and handed it to Paganini, just as he made his appearance before the public. Paganini took hold of it, and whether by inadvertence or purposely is not known, he placed it *upside down* on the stand. The bystanders thought he would turn it, but he feigned not to take any notice of the mistake, and counting as nothing the immense difficulty of reading it through in that position, he went on with his play, and executed it, as if it were a piece with which he had been long familiar.

It makes no difference, either, to Paganini, what instrument the music has been written for ; he has been seen to enter a room and pick up a *kit*, and without the least preparation, play a violin-part to exercises composed by *Kramer*, for the piano. He plays on all violins indiscriminately, although he uses in general a *garnerius* ; but what is singular, he strings it with thinner cords than is usual.—In Germany, at one of his concerts, an inferior violin was surreptitiously put in place of his own ; perhaps it was the act of envy and malice ; but if so, it fell harmless ; Paganini was as brilliant as ever, and no one even suspected that his instrument had been changed.

An accident that often happens, is the breaking of the

strings; Paganini never gives it a second thought; and the listener perceives that he continues his part, without transposition; playing every thing that is set down for the four strings; Sometimes the cords will slacken, but he has the art of disguising this accident by his execution. At times, without stop, he screws up the fourth string (*sol*) with such agility that the act cannot be detected. He does not confess that he uses this expedient; but we were assured of it by an artist who has long been very intimate with him. The advantage which Paganini draws from this stratagem, is to raise the *sol* to higher notes; and as he screws and unscrews as he pleases, he mingles, in playing, notes of the fourth string, with such as essentially belong to the third or second. In the *coronella*, he makes use of every art, leading the ear from surprise to surprise, rousing and kindling the attention of his auditory, and when he has excited it to the utmost stretch, he keeps it in suspense with a succession of unexpected flourishes, which work up enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

The most finished artists in vain seek to discover how these multitudinous effects are produced by Paganini; no one can guess how he imitates the *double flageolet*, nor how he obtains an imitation of the metallic tinkling of the *timbre* which he duetts with the *single flageolet*.

Some have been so curious as to question him. One evening when the first instrumental performers of Vienna were assembled at his rooms, Schuppanzigh and Mayseder to whom the violin and piano are indebted for so many graceful compositions, pressed him to a disclosure. "Do show us," said Mayseder, "how you obtain down towards the *handle*, those flageolet sounds which we can only find at the *bridge*; and those *staccato-pizzicati*, which you make with

your left hand without the help of the bow, and those *pizzicati* so inconceivably swift and strong." Paganini does not like to unfold his means of execution—"mio caro," he replied, "*ognuno ha suoi segreti*;"—"my friend, every one has his secrets"—"I grant you," answered the German, "I am far from denying that; but as for yours, you might publish them without danger; I warrant you that they would scarcely be made free with."

In his concertos, the first of which is in *mi flat*, we must not omit to speak of his *adagio appassionato*, which is overwhelmingly majestic and pathetic. The history of this composition deserves to be known.

Paganini had just left the theatre, where he had heard Demarini, the first tragedian of Italy, as the hero of a prison scene, relating his misfortune, and praying Providence to relieve him of the burden of life. Paganini, full of the emotions excited by the performance of the actor, threw himself on his bed; but slumber fled his eyes. At length, despairing to find rest, he rose, and taking his violin, sought to relieve his excited sensibilities by transmitting to the strings an effusion of the pathos that had rent his breast. This is inspiration; such is the creative genius, which renders the possessor restless, until it is embodied.

Rossini, who is so all-sufficient in musical matters, that there seems to be no appeal from his decision, professes the utmost admiration for Paganini, and declares him to be without a rival. He has been heard to say, when it was rumoured that Paganini was about to visit Paris,—“as for him, I do not know what fault can be found with him.”—But some have enviously accused him of being wanting in intensity. There could not be a more groundless accusation; a note is always sufficiently intense, when it is given.

with the requisite fulness and roundness ; Paganini may be graceful and soft, but these qualities, in his execution, are not at variance with strength. There is no orchestra, however formidable, over which he is not heard distinctly ; not only in ordinary parts, but even on the *sol* string, which is the dullest in sound, owing to its being so low in the violin-scale. Is not this intensity ? In the *Prayer of Moses*, where during the *major*, he is accompanied by a full band *fortissima*, not even excepting the bass-drum, he is heard above all that volume of sound like a full-toned choir.

We know another fact no less conclusive. When the first representation of *Mathilde di Shabran* was in preparation at Rome, the leader of the orchestra fell sick on the day of general rehearsal. Rossini, who knew of no other than middle-rate artists, was in despair for a person to supply his place. Paganini, having heard of his embarrassment, made him a friendly offer of his services, which, as may be supposed, was gratefully accepted ; that moment the new leader set about his task of training the unskilful orchestra.—There was not a minute to be lost, and no time for verbal explanations ; he restricted himself entirely to teaching by example. Catching, at first sight of the written music, every moment, he would give the intentions of the author by his emphasis, and also the style of execution necessary to render them completely. If the movement required to be controlled or accelerated, he took the part of the *first violin*, an octave higher than it was written, and that with such a predominance, that being heard high above all the other instruments, even in the strength of the *fortissime*, it gave an impulse which led along all the musicians as if they were under a spell. When the performance came on, in consequence of this rehearsal, it was noticed that the orch-

kept in time faultlessly, and there was a life and fire in their execution which was unusual and unlooked for. Paganini had actually metamorphosed these tame artists, to the surprise of every professor, and of Rossini especially, who always relates the story with an uncommon degree of pleasure. His whole countenance sparkles as he tells of it; his eyes twinkle, and he seems transported back to the very time and place.

The style of Paganini has an inexhaustible variety, and although he makes use of all the most perfect productions of the Italian school, he is nevertheless original, he is himself, and himself alone. Like all the great Italian singers, in his play, he always hits the note with imperturbable decision. There is a firmness, an assurance in his touch, that is grateful to the most fastidious ear; no tripping, no sliding, nothing uncertain, no hazy mingling up with what has gone before or comes after.

In 1817, while Paganini was at Verona, Valdabrin, a fine violinist, the leader of an orchestra in the great theatre of that city, undertook to say that Paganini was only a quack, who, in truth, excelled in his own little repertory, but could do nothing out of it; that such a concerto, of his composition, for instance, Paganini was not capable of executing. Paganini heard this repeated, and he sent word instantly to Valdabrin, that he would willingly try any of the compositions of the Veronese leader. It was agreed that the trial should take place at his next concert, and this proved a powerful attraction to the public. The day of rehearsal was fixed, and Paganini, complying with the established custom, attended it. It is often his way, not to execute at such times, the music that he gives at his concerts; but he *improvises* during the performance of the orchestra,

filling up with delightful variations, of which his imagination is fertile. His rehearsals are real concerts for those who attend; and the very musicians in the band are sometimes so *disconcerted* at the melody that strikes their ears, that they forget their parts, their instruments escape from their hands, and they stand agape, lost in admiration.

Valdabrini listened in vain for his own music from Paganini, and when the rehearsal was over, he made up to him and said, "My dear sir, this is, after all, not my concerto; I did not distinguish a single note of mine in all you have played." "Do not be so uneasy;" replied Paganini, "I will give it, never fear, at the concert; but until then, indulge me." The next day the concert took place, and Paganini played his own selections, reserving the concerto of Valdabrini for the last. Every one expected something extraordinary; they were sure that Paganini was going to change parts with the band, or remodel the accompaniment, or that he would make the most brilliant variations. At last, the time was come;—he set the concerto before him, and picked up a *piece of rattan*; while every one was wondering what he would be at, he took his violin, and *using the rattan as a bow*, played from beginning to end, the concerto so difficult in its author's eyes, not only rendering note for note, but giving also some charming variations; at all this, without ever ceasing to display the purity, the grace the intensity and the spirit which characterise his execution.—*Canfield's American Argus.*



BANDITTI.

There are three ways in which men take

One's money from one's purse,
And very hard it is to tell

Which of the three is worse,
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,

And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends

In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot—
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you had rather not.

The Gleaner.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
 Some filthy creature begs
 You'll hear about the camon ball
 That carried off his pegs,
 And says it is a dreadful thing
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
 His children to be fed
 Poor little lovely innocents
 All clamorous for bread—
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat
 Beneath a cloudless moon ;
 You hear a sound that tries to wear
 The semblance of a tune,
 As if a broken fife should strive
 To drown a cracked basoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
 Of music seems to come,
 There's something like a human voice
 And something like a drum ;
 You sit in speechless agony,
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home sweet home" should seem to be
 A very dismal place ;
 Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
 Is altered in the face,
 And psalms go rattling after hymns
 As if they ran a race.

You think they are crusaders sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To quench the eyes of Sentiment,
 And dock the tail of Rhyme ;
 To crack the voice of Melody
 And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still—
The music all is ground,
And silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound—
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round!

No—pay the dentist when he leaves
A fraction of your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw—

But if you are a portly man
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town,
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down.

And if you are a little man
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly, and drop
A button in the hat.

N. E. Galary.

DEACON MARVIN.

CHAP. I.—“COURTSHIP.”

Deacon Marvin was one of the world's wonders. He was a man of more than ordinary “gumption” too—shrewd as a Scotsman—devoid of one particle of gullibility—but of all animals that “tread this terrene globe” he was the oddest, awkwardest and most good-natured—nothing under Heavens ever disturbed the serenity of his feelings, which resembled a great quiet mud-puddle in stagnation. His skin (I mean the skin of his sensibility) was as impenetrable as that of a rhin-

noceros—you might tilt at him with wit or ridicule—but stood as firm as a gnarled oak, and as rugged too, repelling all attack—and now and then returning a blow whose force was the more tremendous because wholly unexpected. He was a farmer, a tanner and a shoemaker—but most of all he was a bachelor and a deacon—in his potatoe field, in the tan-yards, or on his leather-bottomed bench, he was perfectly at home—nay graceful; i. e. so far as perfect adaptation of manners to employment constitutes grace. But among the women, or in the discharge of his official functions—he looked like “a hog in armor”—we do not say that he had grace even here—but it was of a different sort. Oh yes he had grace—he made the longest prayers of any man in the parish.

His worldly employments furnished him plentifully with the “mammon of unrighteousness”—and his spiritual avocations seasoned the filthy lucre with a taste of better things. He was a rising man. How he ever happened to be elected deacon is beyond our sagacity to imagine, unless he prayed himself in. But deacon he was and rich he was, and bachelor he was, of some three and thirty years, (according to his great bible,) and under all these circumstances is it wonderful that he was most industriously and *disinterestedly* courted by all the girls in the parish? Lord! What a host of eyes, blue, black and grey (I place them according to their merit) sparkled round him wherever he happened to be. What a squadron of pretty caps were most resolutely set on him,—what a legion of “funny little feet” tripped after him,—what a cloud of sighs were wafted into his ears! In vain did shrewd old mammas form plots of schemes to *gle* him into the snare of matrimony! In vain did the *less daughters* do their prettiest to bait that snare, and

it tempting—Alas for them all ! These venerable Naomis and blushing Ruths had not a Boaz to deal with,—Deacon Marvin was unmoved by all this din and tumult—undazzled by all this glittering array—uncaught by all this combination of cunning. He moved steadily along his path as usual—broke up his fallow-ground—tended his tan-pits and mended his *soles* with all his usual equanimity, as inattentive as a deaf man to the tumult and confusion of such a moral earthquake—not but that he had his ideas *in his head*—but they never shewed themselves out it. He bore all this with saint-like patience for half a score of years—while his farm swelled into greatness around him—his tannery became an immense establishment and his shoe-bench opened foreign-markets—he had also become hardened to the regular performance of his ecclesiastical duties and could at last present the plate without breaking it in his grasp, and pass the sacramental wine without spilling it over the dresses of the communicants. And now he began to imagine within himself that it was his duty (that was his phrase on all occasions—or as he sometimes said “the will of the Lord”) to marry—to take unto himself a rib—a helpmate who might relieve his shoulders of part of their burden—and besides, what would become of his property if he did not beget heirs ?

Such thoughts as these flowing through his mind—he cast his eyes round about him in search of the happy one that should become Mrs. Deacon Marvin. There was a mighty host to choose from, and long did he ponder, and hesitate and take inward counsel : nay, some profane historians assure us, that, however strange we may think it, and however uncommon it may be to lovers, he actually went apart, knelt himself down in the bushes, and prayed for the assistance of heaven in so important a matter.

After chewing the quid of reflection in this sagacious manner, he finally jumped upon a conclusion—"my exclamation he, using the only oath-like expression he ever indulged, "my stars; the widow Becket is a creature—*thanks be praised* she is ready broken to—Billy! Billy, I say, bridle my horse!"

Now if any curious reader is ready to ask why Deacon Marvin did not order his horse saddled and bridled, I must delay my story while I answer the pertinent question. The Deacon had a horse—yea, a fine, boned, red old nag of twenty years experience of the ways of the world:—moreover he had a bridle—two generations had guided the feet and filled the ranks of the equine family—"a very ancient" and deacon—but here his trappings ended—there was no saddle with to separate the dangling limbs and support the erect form of the worthy lover. No! the Deacon had great regard to economy—too strong an affection for his leather, to allow it to be wasted away in the shape of a saddle. He had not nature furnished him with a tough integument for that part where "honor lies"—and his horse with a coat too smooth "the wear and tear, of riding bare was full as much as conscience would allow to cover the sole of his shoe-bench with sheep-skin—as to the luxury of a saddle—it was out of the question.

The horse was prepared and the pious Deacon, leaving his shop, stayed not to remove his leathern apron, (*the cloth,*) but leading his Rosinante to a rail fence, he got upon her back and trotted in pursuit of widow Becket.

Now I beseech thee gentle reader, not to imagine that the *fountain of the Deacon's feelings* was at all moved or agitated *by the object in whose pursuit he was engaged.*

thing ! He rode forth as calmly as he usually rode to mill or to church, not even troubling himself, like Cyril Thornton with preparing a formal speech—unlike common lovers (if lover he may be called) he adhered closely to that scriptural injunction “ take no heed for yourselves what ye shall say.” But as time was precious, and when once engaged in a job he loved to finish it with despatch—he quickened his nag’s usual shambling pace into a kind of trot—amusing himself with listening to the rattling of the beast’s bones in their fleshless coverings, or whistling the lively air of “ Old Hundred.”

You may well guess that the expedition of the Deacon excited curiosity and conversation among the watchful neighbors. For whoever has been cursed (pardon the roughness of the word ; the subject is to my feelings a sufficient excuse ;) with a residence in a small country village, must remember how all eyes follow your every action ; how your complexion, dress, gait, character, movements, sayings and doings are noticed, remembered, talked of and recorded. Oh ! the pleasure of living like Dinneford’s white mice in a cage, or like monsters in spirits to be stared and wondered at !—so thought not the Deacon, for he thought nothing about it. He had hardly been gone an hour before reports and stories were flying from house to house : the *old* gossips gathered in grand council to investigate the subject—and the *younger* ones collected in little knots wondering what was about to happen.

But leaving all their wise confabulations and profound surmises, let us go on with the lover who is now in sight of the desired haven—the widow Becket’s house, and just beginning a little soliloquy within himself. “ She has a hundred acres of land” thought he, “ and quite a clever little, snug, house, being the tidiest woman about here—

let me see—she is twenty-eight—nine—yes, twenty-nine years old—and is ruddy and fair to look upon—whoa! whoa! Dobbin!” Rosinante halted at once, before a neat little cottage, while the Deacon with his usual regard to saving of time, stretched forth his whip and without dismounting, knocked loudly. A girl came, (not the widow’s child—she had none;) “Is *sister* Becket at home?” “Yes sir.” “Call her to the door.” She came—“Good evening, sister,” (it was just after sundown) “good evening, sister,—sister Becket—hem—it is the will of the Lord that I marry thee!” The young widow knew her man—and instantly rolling up her eyes in pious resignation exclaimed “The Lord’s will be done, Deacon!”

They fixed on a day in the coming week for the celebration of their nuptials, and in ten minutes the Deacon had set his face home-ward, where having arrived, he is said to have made three pair of shoes before he slept that night.

CHAP. II.—MARRIAGE.

In those days, the wickedness of the land had not yet made necessary all those ceremonies and delays in marriage which are now the stumbling-block of ardent lovers. The clerk quietly received his dollar for recording the banns and reading the publishment once, in the church; the parson his fee for joining the hands, and so the matter was all over.—Very seldom indeed did costly cake or sparkling wine follow the ceremony. The evening was made short, and no dissipation broke in upon the calm hours of night. The manners of that age are not merely passed away, but almost forgotten—however, we shall not here turn antiquarian or eulogist; suffice it for us to relate the incidents which marked the wedding of our hero—as peculiar perhaps at that time, as

And how, think you, was the worthy Deacon arrayed, on that occasion? Did he don his "Sunday suit" and go forth in his long-tailed blue coat sparkling with all the magnificence of brass buttons? in his leaden-colored small-clothes and white worsted stockings—as if going to the sacramental service? Not one of these. After having worked with all his usual industry from sun-rising, even unto the going down thereof—he removed his leather apron from his waist, plunged his hands in cold water and his feet in, a pair of shoes, called for Rosinante and an old chair-cushion which he secured upon her back with a cord, and then with a sigh scrambled upon the cushion and marched to find his bride.

Before proceeding farther I would inform my readers, that the widow Becket, with considerable beauty united sound judgement, and tolerable taste—and although not altogether satisfied with the personal appearance or the conduct of her groom, yet she readily forgave them on the anticipation of becoming the wife of the most wealthy and dignified man in the neighbourhood, and of having sufficient time and opportunity to correct his foibles after assuming the duties of a wife. This was sound policy as well as sound sense. Half of our young flirts would have been pulling the Deacon's hair about his ears in an instant—would have teased him to death or distraction for the sake of shewing their influence over him. But the shrewd widow received her uncombed lover with but a smile at his outré appearance and let him court her, and marry her after his own fashion.

Our knight dismounted from his charger—entered the house—found the parson waiting—slipped his departed mother's wedding-ring on the finger of his bride—and a Spanish dol-

lar into the hand of the priest, pronounced the vows, almost knocked down his wife in his first attempt at kissing, running his long nose directly into one of her eyes—and then prepared forthwith to bear her to his own house in the village. And how were they to be transported from the scene of their first matrimonial experience? Deacon Marvin was fertile in expedients. Rosinante was brought to the door—the chair-cushion instantly metamorphosed into a pillion by tying to its two corners the cords which had served as a girth—the groom then ascended the bare ridge of the nag, and placing the pillion behind him, secured each of the cords to one of his legs—and riding to a horse-block called upon his lovely spouse to mount in the rear. She obeyed—and off they rode much in the style of Kate and Petruchio, under cover of the evening shades.

Here we leave them—allowing our readers to imagine the conversation that rose on the way: the perils of dismounting from their elevated seat; how the Deacon was untied—and all that followed in course—reserving future adventures for a future chapter.

CHAP. III.—HONEY MOON, &c. &c.

What miraculous consequences sometimes follow matrimony! What wonderful variations in character and conduct are the result of a simple change in condition from single to double blessedness! Deacon Marvin was an illustration of the truth of these expressions. Marriage opened on him like the warm sun-beams on a chrysalis—melted into life, shook off his old scaly dress, and instead grub came forth quite a butterfly. The villagers were *amazed by the rapid revolutions in his behaviour*, and many an *old crone* whose heart was turned into gall by the

infringement of her schemes on his sudden marriage, predicted sudden death or destruction as the consequence of his erratic conduct—they said it was a *fore-runner*.

And well might they wonder. Before the honeymoon had expired the new-married couple rode to meeting (there was no church) in a wagon of their own;—the old family horse-skeleton was supplied with a bridle and saddle perfectly new; and the Deacon himself purchased a new suit of clothes;—a thing that had not occurred for years. Finding that such indulgencies instead of tending to his destruction, were really advantageous to him, the Deacon took courage, resolved to build himself a large house, worthy of himself and wife—and even went so far as to talk about a church with steeple and bell, as indispensably necessary to the accommodation of the parish, who had from earliest history worshipped in a school-house. So much for the influence of a judicious woman.

The Deacon was a man who never did things by halves—he never stopped to make two bites at a cherry,—as we shall see in reading his family history. Acting on the spur of those new feelings which had sprung up in his bosom, he went resolutely forward in his plan of decorating the village-green with “an elegant *meetin’-us*.” And by a singular coincidence, the corner stone of that edifice was laid on the very day which made him the parent of two lusty boys! We have said he never did a thing by halves. “My stars!” said he, on hearing the happy news, just as he had completed the task of placing the foundation of his church, “my stars, *sister Marvin*, you’ve done well!”

Leaving the children for the present to their nurse, let us go back to the “*meetin’-us*,” and watch its growth. The foundation being laid under these happy auspices, a

vast framework was erected over it which was soon shingled and boarded ; clap-boarded and painted. The wood-work of the inside was left till the last,—meanwhile the people were so impatient to get into their church, that it was open for religious worship before it was completely finished. At what of all that ? Have not such things been before us since ? Be patient, reader, and hurry me not ; my task harder than thine, and I must tell my story in my own way.

The meeting-house was opened for worship,—the house floor was laid and some pews built—and the pulpit was erected,—but the gallery was almost untouched by the joiner. A few loose boards and planks had been thrown up to the beams to support the choir, and the crowd of boisterous playful urchins who always resort to the upper part of our synagogues. Hither the Deacon, urged by his desire for preserving order and discharging the duties of tything-master betook himself. Alas ! he little anticipated the catastrophes to which fate was urging him forward—seating himself among the choir, the Deacon united in the music of the morning service, lifting up his voice in that rich mellow nasal clang which characterizes village singing, till the venerable rafters of the house trembled with sympathy. The psalms were sung, and the venerable old clergyman the good elder Mack, rose in the pulpit to proclaim the At that unlucky moment the eye of the Deacon was caught by the grimaces of a young rogue, who was engaged in caricaturing the motions of the minister, surrounded by others ready to split with suppressed laughter. intolerable ;—the Deacon sprung up with unnatural violence salute the ears of the rogue with a warning cuff thoughtlessly upon the unsupported end of one of the boards, which tipping up suddenly, instantly lar

ng the congregation below. Happy, oh! thrice happy it for the Deacon that he was proof against all the attacks of mortified feeling—gathering up his fragments, and by rubbing his bruised members, he returned with perfectposure to his station in the gallery ruminating on the lent which he regarded, as he did every thing else that rred to him, as a special dispensation from heaven. He seated himself on the large beam that crossed from one gallery to the other, in front of the orchestra, so that eet hung swinging directly over the broad and central . Silence was restored to the audience and the elder arose to commence his discourse ; like the common orator of that day, he always divided his sermon into as many n heads and each division, with its included subdivisions, pied at least ten minutes. He had proceeded triumphantly through his seventhly ;—for something more than our had his guttural notes fell on the ears of his congregation : and he was now ready to enter boldly on his 8th l, when his attention was arrested by the head of the con, which had gradually swayed from a perpendicular, it now reclined upon the cushion of his left shoulder, together with his body seemed nodding to the cadences of the preacher's voice ! At every emphatic word—the l nodded ;—(for even in sleep the Deacon half listened s pious minister)—and every nod seemed to bring him er and nearer the floor. The parson paused,—what d he do ? Once had the Deacon already flown from gallery and seemed each moment about to repeat the riments. Suppressing the little rising of indignation within, which the insulting doze of Deacon Marvin had at awakened, elder Mack lifted up his voice like a trumpet—(nod—nod—nod—) he pounded the pulpit in his en-

ergy—(nod—nod—) the sweat started on his brow trickled down over his nose—his eyes rolled wildly—could bear it no longer—“Deacon Marvin!” thundered he. “Deacon Marvin! it is hard work to preach to a sleeping congregation!”—Deacon Marvin’s head flew up to its place, instantly, and without hesitation he replied in the same tones—“Elder Mack, it is worse listening to a sleeping preacher!”—The effect was irresistible—young and old burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

CHAP. IV.—EDUCATION, &c. &c.

Not long after the birth of those twin boys, whom Deacon from instinct knew would be his only children became deeply interested in searching out the most judicious mode of education—long did he reflect and reason on the subject. Two systems presented themselves for adoption,—as his son Joshua afterwards said,—the *phlogistic* *anti-phlogistic*; or in other words the plan of punishing a child for every error, and every offence and thus pour wisdom into him by flagellation; or secondly the plan appealing to the child’s judgment and natural good sense without resorting to the more *sensible* arguments of rod and ruler. He weighed all the reasoning of the advocates of both systems, and finally remarked with another profound thinker (Sir Roger) that “much might be said on both sides.” After all his efforts at choice he found himself equally attracted towards both systems,—like a certain beautiful animal in the fable placed between the hay and the thistle—he stood and doubted.

Philosophers may stop here and speculate. They may *reason on the subject to their hearts’ content*—I defy them *to imagine the final conduct*—the ultimate election of

ro. Some will fancy that like Mahomet's coffin, or the foresaid animal, he hung in eternal suspense—they are mostly mistaken in the character of the Deacon if such be their opinion—he never yielded to doubts or hesitation—it always proceeded steadily forward to determination.—

When he met obstacles, like Samson bearing off the gate of Gaza, he hove them over his shoulder and pushed onward. So, on this occasion, finding that he could not fix on either as his preference, he most sagaciously resolved to test the merits of *both*, by actual experiment, and make his two boys the means of finally determining the important question of merit. He resolved that while the elder, (Caleb) was scolded, and cuffed and pounded for every fault, the younger, (Joshua) should hear soft words, gentle proof, wholesome advice and tender admonition. Tell me ye wise ones, was not this genuine shrewdness ?

Resolving from common principles, we should conclude that this conduct would introduce family discord among the Marvins ;—that the boys would grow up jealous of each other, and that Caleb, at least, would learn to hate his parents as unjust and partial, and his brother as *his* enemy,—the cause of his sufferings. Providence however provided a remedy for this evil in the dispositions of the two boys. Had they resembled *me* and my brothers, what scuffling and squabbling there would have been ! I remember most distinctly the day when I was the scape-goat to bear away all the mischievous sins, and receive all the expiatory whipping and spanking due to the three of us. Those *happy* days of childhood are gone—and alas ! I have out-grown all those youthful *pleasures*. Caleb and Joshua on the other hand seemed most happily adapted to their respective treatment. Joshua whose skin was destined to remain forever with un-

broken integrity, was one of those quiet, retiring souls, all meekness and sensibility, who never incur a blame nor merit a strong degree of praise ;—whose actions and words, in short, neither excite or alarm. Caleb, the *whippee*, was as boisterous a mad-cap as ever pulled his nurse's hair, or tired a mother's patience. Mischief was natural to him.—He was the greatest truant that ever broke leading-strings. Mud-pies were his delight—and so fond was he of water, that he seemed amphibious. He was found one day, long before he was out of his petticoats, up to his neck in a tub of rain-water by the house door, playing with a shad that was put there to keep fresh ! Whipping never troubled him ;—he bore it like a hero, and forgot it immediately. So bent on roguery was he that he would sometimes inspire his quiet brother with some of the same spirit.—Being expelled from his mother's sick room on one occasion, with his willow whistle, and forbidden to blow it in the house, he went out with Joshua and both disappeared.—Presently a distant whisting sound was heard, that seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, and on making search—the boys were found in the bottom of the well—blowing their bark trumpets in wonderful unison.

It will be supposed that their domestic education was not all that disturbed the mind of their father. He soon found that they drew not only on his brains but on his purse likewise.

“ For children fresh expenses get,
And Dickey now for school was fit.”

We are in too much haste to dwell long on the subject of their youth, experience, &c. These may claim future attention. It will now suffice to say that, at fourteen years old, Caleb had cooled down into an industrious and active

fellow, and became almost necessary to his father in his labors—while the quiet Joshua whose only decided passion was love of books, was sent to a school to prepare for the university.

We have said that Caleb had cooled down and become very obedient and dutiful.—He never after that age, committed any act that called down the ready rod of correction—and the old Deacon was almost forced to lay it aside as useless. But here he acted not like other men. Fearing lest a course of good conduct and exemption from punishment might make his son eventually proud and disobedient, (fine reasoning that!) he devised a mode of preventing these terrible calamities, and of renewing the sense of dependence in his son, as well as of preserving consistency in his system of domestic tactics. It was this. Precisely as the old Dutch clock in his kitchen rung out 12, on the night preceding Caleb's birth day, Deacon Marvin having first called up his son and lectured him most pathetically on the subject of obedience and good conduct;—of filial duty and (as Deacon Marvin most *correctly* styled it) *parental* and *parental* love; precisely, I say, as the clock-hammer struck upon the bell, he grasped his rod and bestowed on the shoulders of his son a tremendous flagellation. Alas! for the wisdom of olden times—modern degeneracy may sneer at the idea of this treatment of children—but can it find a better? While the venerable Dr. Holyoke* of Salem, attributed the disobedience of children in the present generation, to the separation of the colonies from English authority, I believe that it is owing to the revolution in the modes of education. However I will not pause to litigate the question.

* See his life by the medical faculty of Essex. Quite an original idea!

This annual expression of paternal regard was regularly given in the presence of the mother, whose tears mingled with those of her child and husband. Caleb knew his father's foibles and bore with them kindly—he knew and *felt* that on this earth there is nothing like the love of kind parents—nothing more grateful to the Divine nature than filial affection—he therefore endured his stripes with Spartan heroism until the last year of his minority came round.

“Thank Heaven! to-night puts an end to corporeal proofs of my father’s regard—to-morrow I am a man—and then, by Jove, good bye to birth-night castigation!” Such were Caleb’s thoughts as he returned slowly home from the field—and he was consoling himself with these anticipations, when it occurred to him that this *last* exhibition of “*parental and marental*” affection would be on that account, peculiarly *striking*. “The closing scene, I fear, will be doubly tragical and affecting—God help my sensibility—and my apprehension too,” added he, “can I not escape the impending shower of blows? An idea broke in upon him—“Good!” cried he, as he entered the door and the thought entered his mind. “Good! where is my mother?” She was at hand, and they immediately closeted themselves. Half an hour afterwards they came out to supper; the mother “with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye”—Caleb with a grin of satisfaction on his mouth, broad as the shield of Minerva. The good old Deacon was during supper silent and unusually solemn, and in returning thanks seemed to have forgotten that people become fatigued with long standing, particularly after a day’s hard labor. What remained of the evening after the long *grace* of the Deacon, Caleb spent in reading—It was *unusual* for him to out-sit his parents—that night they re-

ed, leaving him up—As the old man shut his bed-room door he spoke—“Caleb—my son, cover up the fire soon and go to bed—and mind you don’t forget your prayers.” Soon after they disappeared, Caleb rose, went to the old clock, removed the *striking* weight, (a good omen thought he ;) took off the head and set forward the hands two hours. He made some noise and his father heard it—“Caleb, go off to bed,” said he—“the boy deserves a severe whipping” thought he.

At the regular and awful hour, up woke and rose the regular Deacon. Taking in his hand a pliant rod prepared for the purpose, he drew it through his fingers to test its strength and suppleness, and then called loudly on the expecting Caleb. Sitting themselves down, the old Deacon began. “The time has come, my son, when you are about entering the world a man for yourself. You are going from under the kind care of your parents—you will feel no more the manifestations of their guardianship—(thank Heaven! thought Caleb.) This occasion is the last one on which I can exert the wholesome authority of a father;—take off your coat!” “The coat was taken off—the Deacon waited a moment for the clock to strike—he looked up, and in aghast perceived that it was 2 o’clock—“My stars! Caleb, it is *too* late—you are out of my power—you are a man—you may go back to bed!” With a laugh in his sleeve and a glance at his smiling mother he returned unscourged to his chamber.

P. S. I have only to add, that so equally exemplary was the conduct of the twins, in every thing, that their father, the venerable Deacon, died in as much doubt as ever concerning the merits of the contending systems of education.—*New England Galaxy.*

GREECE.

Land of the brave ! where lie inurned
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burned
And blazed upon the battle's fray :
Land where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore !
Land of the Muse ! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid Hours
Paused at the melody she sung :—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.
Land of dead heroes—living slaves—
Shall glory gild thy clime no more ?
Her banners float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before ?
Hath not remembrance then a charm,
To break the fetters and the chain ?
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again ?
No ! coward souls—the light that shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day—
The light that beamed on Marathon,
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play ;
And thou art but a shadow now,
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—
Thy honor but a dream—and thou
Despised—degraded—in the dust ?
Where sleeps the spirit that of old
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,
When the loud channt of triumph told
How fatal was the despot's doom ?

The bold three hundred—where are they,
Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet Ida, yet upon thy hill
A glory shines of ages fled,
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living—but the dead!
But 'tis the dim sepulchral light
That sheds a faint and feeble ray
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky:
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long,
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

The sun hath set,—the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon thy sky;
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

Literary Chronicle,



SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, in early life, is copied verbatim and literatim.

November, 1837.

Dear Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both de-
 sist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Prog-
 gress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You
 will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and
 Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last
 Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I
 have begun Gogfray and do exsises on the Globs. In figgers
 I am most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds
 next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my
 Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate
 panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr.
 Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well.

a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisable to begin Latin at my advanced ears.

With respects to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushion for my feat, If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook don't understand Maid dishes. her Curryys is xcrable. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day soop from Birches I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Accounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and almost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been flogged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on account of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Helicution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvr Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appopkxy and disappointed us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more

than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nustry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Homesick ever since his Granchildren cum to sea him at skool,—Mr Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he had'nt had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Febbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlmans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammar &c. Also whether I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Complements with which I remane

Your deutiful and
loving brother

S. P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont alow Pug-lism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times of *lives it might be fatle* partickly from puling their Coats of *ir the open Are.*

ur new Husher is cum and his verry well Red in his
ner's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginners but
wish the Frentch Master was changed on Account of his
ticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always
bling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has
barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he
express his Sentymints for Coffing.

TO A FRIEND.

Farewell! perchance we meet no more
Upon this dreary earth;
Fill up! for parting hours should be
The tempest-time of nirth;
Too soon they'll pass, and weariness
Cling to this heart and thine—
So let us tinge the coming cloud
With the rosy flash of wine.

Thou just one! in thy spirit
The ancient spirit burns;
Its truth, its courage, and its faith
Beam from thine eye by turns:
I throw me on thy trusting breast
And starts the unbidden tear—
A tribute on the unsullied shrine
Of thy affection here.

They told thee I was stern and cold,
And bade thee turn away
From one by his own feeling doomed
To wither and decay—
Fools! little know they that the heart
Now throbbing 'gainst thine own
Resigns its *citadel* to pride—
To tenderness its *throne*.

Fill up! and when the golden wine
Touches the sparkling brim,
We'll drink the memory of that star
Whose light grew early dim;

Our friend—our brother—he who rests
 On the far Indian shore—
 His cheerful smile and manly song
 Can gladden us no more.

Peace to his ashes! o'er his grave
 The screaming seabird wheels;
 The silver wave, with timid step,
 To kiss its bosom steals;
 The spicy winds moan over it
 A sadly musical strain—
 But fill! here's the name of MILLER—
 Once more—again—again!

Alas, alas, that MEMORY
 Should be still in love with Wo;
 That her brightest glances linger
 On the dreariest spots below;
 Look on her storied tablet—
 The page thy soul reveres—
 Doth it tell of storm or sunshine?
 Of smiles or bitter tears?
 Farewell! perchance we meet no more
 Upon this dreary earth;
 Fill up! for parting hours should be
 The tempest-time of mirth;
 Be there one word for a talisman
 Fore'er 'twixt thee and me—
 A spell to conjure pleasant dreams—
 That word is "CONSTANCY."

—*New England Galaxy.*

P. Calamus, Esq. P. (qu. patience) Calamus, Esq., Editor of a weekly paper devoted to Manufactures, Commerce, Agriculture, the Arts, Poetry, Politics and Religion, sat one bright morning in the gown of his vocation, (*a jaunty calico with a yellow sprig, that had hung as a curtain over the bed in which he was born*) reading through

s horn-rimmed spectacles, a new novel that had been laid that morning upon his table. A chair in which Washington had once sat, (so averred the veracious Auctioneer who knocked it down to him at a sale of tri-legged furniture in Ann Street,) had the honor to sustain his somewhat attenuated proportions, and beneath his elbow stood a structure of deal, called by courtesy in the inventory which last enrolled it, a table. Some fifty unopened weeklys, dailys and other ephemerata were tossed into one of its corners; a pair of scissors, some curiously cut and blotted scraps, and a pen redolent of unwiped antiquity, occupied the other; and in the centre stood the three necessities—inkstand, wafer and sand box—clotted and sodden together by the sprinklings of innumerable inspirations. His room, a corner divided by a rough partition from the upper story, whence his enlightened hebdomadal issued, was pasted over with leads of Franklin, Washington, and other heroes and sages, with here and there a stock anecdote, and a maxim from ‘Poor Richard,’ and in the corner, upon a type-box for a pedestal, by way of elegance, stood a noseless bust of Voltaire—its infernal grin reduced by the excision to a most comical expression of ferocity. A triangular shelf across one of the angles of the room supported a much thumbed Johnson, a lampfiller, and an imperfect copy of the Loves of the Angels. On a peg near it hung a well-brushed hat of domestic fabric, and under it a black coat with flaps of a most generous amplitude and length. A box upon the floor, containing a fresh sod (the Editor chewed) and a cur-tail dog sleeping on the bad poetry under the table, completed his “whereabout.”

To describe an Editor’s physiognomy would be “telling.”
Jupiter and all great characters prefer having that left to the

imagination. A nose is a nose, though you call it a large one, and to describe that of an Editor !—you see the absurdity at once. Passing over that then—Mr. P. Oalamus had enlightened this world some thirty years (by the parish register forty—but that, as Beau Shatterly says, is a ——— impertinent invention, and no authority.) All that time, as they say at the boarding houses, he had slept single ! whether it was from choice or necessity, is a fact that can only be settled by his posthumous papers. Probably, however, from choice, for there is no accounting for taste, and a woman doubtless might have been found who would call his anatomy *spirituel*. I have noted fancies as strange in my time.—He was a bachelor, however—that is certain—and, in evidence, slept with a soft newspaper about his head, wisped into a cap, with a sleight of hand acquired during his apprenticeship as a devil (the printer's)—a practice which the kindly neighborhood of matrimony must, as you know, have corrected. The only presumption against his bachelorship is in the fact that he did not, like the most of that unfortunate class, grow “melancholy and gentleman-like.” His habits of temper were eminently matrimonial—either diabolically savage, or most unctuously good natured. *In medio tutissimus* was bad Latin to him. He satirized in a passion—he puffed with the horrid merriment of a Satyr.

The Editor had just laid one of his nether limbs carefully over the other, (bones are brittle) when a note was handed in to him, which, with the eloquent nonchalance of his profession, he received between his thumb and finger, without suffering his attention to be diverted. The messenger departed, and he still sat reading, and turning the billet over *carelessly in his feelers*, with the spider-like instinct of all *sedentary people*. Presently he became conscious of an unusual

smoothness in the paper, and, wondering at the extravagance of an advertisement upon gilt edge, he raised it to the near-sighted focus, and discovered—a *billet-doux*! Yes—folded three-corner-wise, and smelling of essences like a Valentine, there it was—palpable as your palm, and beautiful as any constellation in the Zodiac. The Editor pulled up his dickey, and plumed back the bulbous excrescence upon his long neck, as if the billet had eyes. He read on like a man in a dream :

“Dear Sir——call——sign of the Lamb——a lady——twelve o’clock——Your’s”——It was a new sensation. He darted from his chair to a polyangular fragment of looking glass, set like Mosaic in the partition, and passed the features of his face, (its circumference admitted but one at a time) singly before it. “It was a good nose,” he said to himself—“a very good nose!—there was a certain *je ne sais quoi* about it, certainly—something *recherché* and classic. The eye—he had been in the habit of thinking modestly of it—was a was good eye; a tinge of green in the iris, it could not be denied—but green was a fair color. The mouth—um!—that was more unpromising, but it stopped short of the ear, and the chin—sharp to be sure, but expressive—after all the *beau idéal* must be taken with license—and there were worse faces than that the gods had given him. He would think well of it, he swore inwardly, henceforth. Having taken himself into favor, he felt inclined to make his toilet, but there were two eternal hours before the time of assignation, and, with the amiable nervousness of genius, (to say nothing of thrift) he never could abide, when at work, the feeling of his better habiliments. So he sat down again in the calico, and, to while away the time, took up his scissors, and slashed valorously away at the paragraphs.

I am a great enemy to the liberties taken by story-tellers. A fellow will drop you a year in narration, with no more ceremony than an old wife makes in dropping a stitch. If that is'nt impertinent, I'm no judge. Is a man to be called upon to forget nine years, and nothing thought of it? Shall a gentleman keep an imagination for every base quill-driver to draw upon at will? Shall I—reading a book for my pleasure—pass my eye from one line to another and find myself jumping a chasm of twenty years, whether I will or no? By the mass! I think not, I would as lief, when asked to dine with a friend, hear his tragedy before dinner—or if invited into his garden, be compelled to leap his ditches at peril of my neck. It is not courteous, as I read courtesy. “Having slipped,” therefore, as the *Mirror of Chivalry* says, “I know not by what mishance, into the unelected vocation of a writer,” I shall make myself an example on this point. I will have no dodging. You shall know what my hero does in the *betweenities* of the story.

Mr. P. Calamus had two mortal hours lying like two self-devouring dragons between him and happiness. They made slow work of it. He dissected paper after paper, nibbled the edges of all the “horrid murders” and “melancholy accidents,” and kept his familiar, to that abused person’s simple astonishment, running down and up four flights of stairs to look at the clock in State Street, and still the hours lingered. It is said, however, that the “longest day comes to the vesper hour.” Thirty minutes, in the course of time, were all that remained of the interval, and that, the Editor, with a somewhat prodigal calculation, devoted to dressing. He had just risen and laid aside the wispy *Barcelona* that being of a dark color, was assoiled of its *sins but once* in a calendar year, when a tall, cadaverous

looking person walked into his sanctuary with a ~~stomach~~
"good morning," and seated himself in the vacated chair.

"Mr. Editor!"

"Sir!" (the Editor was not usually so crisp, but he began to be alarmed; long-winded visitors are diseases to which the profession is subject.)

"I have called"——

"Yes Sir, I see you have!" (Mr. P. C. began to strap his razor violently.)

"I have called, Sir, as I said before, to request you to publish an account of my——

——"death?"

"No Sir!"

——"abduction?"

"S'death! no Sir"

——"narrow escape?"

"No Sir! no Sir!" and the gentleman in black started up impatiently, and taking the single stride necessary to reverse the Editor's sanctuary, sat down again. The Editor went on shaving. The visitor went on with his story. His wife had brought him four healthy children that morning at a birth, and he wished the fact communicated to the world. Mr. Calamus stopped in the centre of his cheek, cast a look of compassion on his visitor, took up his pen and noted "unfortunate man—four wives at the breast—sympathy of the public," and resumed his razor.

As the sufferer departed, a rakish, bedeviled-looking fellow, half mustachio and half cravat, entered and laid something that looked very like a cowskin across his table. He then threw himself into the chair with a violence which threatened its dislocation, and contemplated the Editor's six feet two, with an ominous particularity. The Editor

"Is your name Calamus?"

"P. Calamus, Esq.—so christened."

"Well, Mr. P. Calamus, will you be flogged as you are—or do you prefer having your coat on during the operation?"

The Editor turned on his visiter with a stare of ghastly astonishment. He looked first at the cowskin and then at the owner, and then he drew in his eyes, and ran hastily over in his mind all the offensive articles he had lately inserted.

"May I enquire," said he, with the tone of a man who had no right to ask the question, "what claim I have on the honor you propose me?"

Moustache pulled the last paper from his pocket, and pointed to one of the Editor's own brilliant emanations, in which he had assailed the political integrity of a candidate for the office of constable. "That man, Sir," said he, "is an own cousin to a cousin of an intimate friend of your humble servant, who proposes to flog you as deputy, unless you instantly"——

"Write an acknowledgment? With the greatest pleasure in life," interrupted the Editor—too happy by such a simple operation to rid himself at once of his guest, and the awkward alternative. He seized his pen, therefore, and with the elegant facility of a practised writer indited, *currente calamo*, the following apology.

"In a late paper, I, P. Calamus, asserted that Jeremiah ——, Esq. was a dishonest man—I can't prove it, and I'm sorry for it."

It was quite sufficient. Moustache pocketed his wrath and his cowskin, paid a merited compliment to the placable temper of the apologist, and took his leave. The E

tor lathered anew and shaved on. His beard had profited by the delay, and cut softly and freely. He felt as if his troubles were over. His toilet proceeded, and one limb was just fairly extracted from his week-day integuments, when the door again opened. The Editor reinstated his limb, and swore. It was a gentleman in brown, come to get an authentic opinion upon a "poor Poem" of his. He sat down, and, without looking at the disastrous expression of his auditor's countenance, commenced reading to him a Jeremiad upon the times. What was to be done. If he could go on dressing at the same time—but alas! modesty and the state of his sub-tegmentals alike forbade. He could not expose, even to a poet, the humble arrangements by which his outer man was held together. He strided across the room, and strided back again. His very sanctuary began to look disagreeable to him. The light grew dim, to his eye, the furniture twisted into fiends, and the gentleman in brown was the devil in solemn mockery, tormenting him upon a refined system. And there was the clock—it struck just as the reader commenced a second canto! It was too much. The Editor snatched down his felt, took his better integuments in his hand, with an indefinite idea of changing them somewhere upon the way, and evaporated like a skeleton in a dream.

The cool air refreshed him. He walked along Washington Street, with many a tender reminiscence crowding upon his memory, of times when he had nursed the tender passion in his youth, and of his disappointments, which, he now felt as he fingered the *billet-doux* in his waistcoat pocket, were owing more to a mistaken modesty, than to any want of personal attraction. In the midst of his sentimental dream, he stepped into the shop of an apothecary (of whom he brought

his annual doses of Glauber) and changed his unmentionables, and then, with the pair from which he had extracted himself, wrapped in a brown paper, under his arm, he proceeded to his assignation.

The Lamb Tavern, in those days, was an inn of great repute among plain people who loved short reckonings, and preferred buttoning their own vests, and doing such like personal services for themselves instead of having it done, as at more ambitious hotels, at a shilling a button, by the servants. The entrance was by a narrow passage, a central point between the kitchen and bar-room; and the stable, being directly opposite, the entry was a favorite lounge of nasal connoisseurs, who might stand against the wall, and have the united odors of alcohol, gravies and wet straw, mingled in equal proportions with the common air. It is said that when the stable was burnt, in 1812, and rebuilt further back, the change in the atmosphere was so perceptible, that the half dozen old guzzlers who frequented the spot, began to languish from that date, and the cook and ostler at the same time pining for their accustomed atmosphere, the place grew melancholy, and the Tavern began to decline. It is affecting, and yet pleasant, to look back through the vista of its decay, and imagine Mr. P. Calamus insinuating himself between the protuberant persons of those venerable martyrs, to enquire for "Miss A. R."—the initials of the document at that moment pressed tenderly between his finger and thumb.

A knock at a door in the second story, introduced the Editor to a darkened room, in one corner of which sat a lady, whose face, in the dim light, he could not distinctly see. "My dear Editor!" exclaimed a voice with a slight crack in it, (probably from a cold,) "this is so kind of you!"

"My dear madam!" replied the Editor, hitching up his

indescribables, and trying to look tenderly in the dark, "this is so condescending of you!"

The dialogue of civilities went on. The Editor bowed. The lady flattered. The Editor complimented. The lady drew up her chair, and lowered her tone. The Editor sighed. The lady looked at him a moment, yielded to his pressing request for a disclosure of her name, and pronounced—

I cannot go on! I call upon Mr. Noah, of the *Enquirer*, for sympathy. The catastrophe is too affecting. A rush was heard in the "blue parlor"—a figure hurried down the stairs, called for water, and—tears blind my vision!

A coroner's inquest was held that night at the Lamb Tavern, on the body of a suddenly deceased gentleman. The jury, after a slight consultation, returned as a verdict—"that the deceased came to his death in consequence of *excessive A—e R—y—l!*"—*American Monthly Magazine.*

THE INDIAN'S TALE.

It was generally believed by the first settlers of New England, that a mortal pestilence had a short time previous to their arrival in a great measure depopulated some of the finest portions of the country on the seaboard. The Indians themselves corroborated this opinion, and gave the English a terrific description of the ravages of the unseen Destroyer.

The War-God did not wake to strife,

The strong men of our forest land,

No red hand grasped the battle-knife

At Areouski's high command:—

We held no war-dance by the dim,

And red light of the creeping flame;

Nor warrior-yell, nor battle-hymn

Upon the midnight breezes came.

There was no portent in the sky,

No shadow on the round bright sun,

With light and mirth and melody,
The long, fair summer days came on;
We were a happy people then,
Rejoicing in our hunter-mood;
No foot-prints of the pale-faced men
Had marred our forest solitude.
The land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of wood and streams—
Our warriors strong of heart and hand—
Our daughters beautiful as dreams.
When wearied at the thirsty noon,
We knelt us where the spring gushed up—
To taste our Father's blessed boon—
Unlike the white-man's poison cup.
There came unto my father's hut,
A wan, weak creature of distress;
The red man's door is never shut
Against the lone and shelterless;
And when he knelt before his feet,
My father led the stranger in—
He gave him of his hunter-meat—
Alas! it was a deadly sin!
The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was deadly pale,
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers,
Which tremble in the meadow gale—
And when he laid him down to die—
And murmured of his father-land,
My mother wiped his tearful eye,
My father held his burning hand!
He died at last—the funeral yell
Rang upward from his burial sod,
And the old Powwah knelt to tell
The tidings to the white man's God!
The next day came—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a fearful pain,
He did not take his hunting-bow—
He never sought the woods again!

He died even as the white-man died—

My mother, she was smitten too,
My sisters vanished from my side,
Like diamonds from the sun-lit dew.
And then we heard the Powwabs say—
That God had sent his angel forth,
To sweep our ancient tribes away—
And poison and unpeople Earth.

And it was so—from day to day
The Spirit of the Plague went on—
And those at morning blithe and gay,
Were dying at the set of sun.—
They died—our free, bold hunters died—
The living might not give them graves—
Save when along the water-side
They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion-crow—the ravenous beast,
Turned loathing from the ghastly dead ;—
Well might they shun thy funeral feast
By that destroying angel spread !
One after one—the red-men fell,
Our gallant war-tribe passed away—
And I alone am left to tell
The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf
Yet clinging to its naked bough ;
The pale race scorn the aged chief,
And I will join my fathers now.
The Spirits of my people bend
At midnight from the solemn West,
To me their kindly arms extend—
They call me to their home of rest !

J. G. W.

—*Essex Gazette.*

Dr. Johnson's Pudding. Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my

series of views, and went over the same grounds described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions ; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable.—After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdotes of which the following may serve as a specimen.

“Sir,” said the landlord, “this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine ; and these hard bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, year ago, filled by the great tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell travelling like the Lion and Jackall. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the looks of the house, followed his nose into a larder where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particulars orders for a nice pudding. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘make the best of all puddings.’ Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

“‘My dear sir,’ said Boswell, out of breath with joy, ‘good news ! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton ; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal’—Johnson looked pleased—‘And I hope,’ said he, ‘you have bespoke a pudding.’ ‘Sir, you will have your favorite pudding,’ said the other.

“Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mists of the mountains, went into the kitchen and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire ; he sat on a hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head ; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed. ‘My dear doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture !’ done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown !’ The Doctor tittered. After a short grace Boswell said—

“‘ I suppose I am to carve, as usual ; what part shall I help you too ?’

“‘ My dear Bozy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.’

“‘ O dear ! this is a great disappointment,’ said Bozy.

“‘ Say no more ; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.’

“Boswell-commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. ‘How the gravy runs ; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.’

“The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished the pudding ! The table was cleared, and Boswell said,—

“ ‘ Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh ; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy ?’

“ The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as ‘pale as a parsnip, and sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—the Doctor laughed.

“ ‘ You little, filthy, snivelling hound,’ said Boswell, ‘ when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning !’

“ ‘ I could’nt, sir,’ said the boy.

“ ‘ No ! why could’nt you ?’ said Boswell.

“ ‘ Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in.’

“ The Doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open (and none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—

“ ‘ Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe.’
 “ And so sir,” said mine host, “ you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant.”—*Angels’ Reminiscences.*



THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O happy time! Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd,
As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Sufficed for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;

I copied leaden eyes in lead—
 Rheumatic hands in white and red,
 And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
 Kept making faces—happy phrase,
 For faces such as mine!
 Accomplish'd in the details then,
 I left the minor parts of men,
 And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
 Figures—long after the antique,
 Great Ajax justly fear'd ;
 Hector of whom at night I dreamt,
 And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
 Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
 A Pallas, that out-stared her owl,
 A Vulcan—very lame ;
 A Dian stuck about with stars,
 With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
 (One Williams did the same.)

But tired of this dry work at last,
 Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
 And gave my brush a drink !
 Dipping—"as when a painter dips
 In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
 That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
 Crested with soot, and not with snows :
 What clouds of dingy hue !
 In spite of what the bard has penn'd,
 I fear the distance did not "lend
 Enchantment to the view."

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
 Black Forests, half so black as mine,
 Or lakes so like a pall ;

The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gaz'd on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint ;
" No holy Luke helped me to paint,
The Devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't !"

But colors came !—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene :
At once the sable shades withdrew ;
My skies got very, very blue ;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush ;
With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair ;
Not "loveliest of the plain !"

Her lips were of vermillion hue ;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame !
A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
With evil—and it came !

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law ;
And "keeping" all unkept !
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings ;
But horrors to be wept !

Ah ! why did knowledge ope my eyes ?
Why did I get more artist-wise ?
It only serves to hint,

What grave defects and wants are mine ;
 That I'm no Hilton in design—
 In nature no Dewint!

Thrice happy time !—Art's early days !
 When o'er each deed with sweet self-praise,
 Narcissus-like I hung !
 When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
 And such Old Masters all were deem'd
 As nothing to the young !

Hood.

The Doublet and Hose. A tale of the time of Louis XIV. I was one day speaking with a clever soul of my acquaintance about that famous old sea-captain and brave commander, Jean Bart ; of the lucky star that had presided over his birth, leading him in spite of his low origin to a nautical rank among stars and garters ; and about the rumours of the great favors and indulgence which our Great Monarch bestows upon him, out of love of his downright blunt sense and independent humour. Hereupon, my companion spread himself out, like a man who has a story of his own to tell, and began to look wise. " He's a rough soul that Jean Bart, and a good-natured," said he.

" How came you to know any thing about the grim old sailor ?" said I. " It's a long story," answered he, " and but little in it ; but if you have an idle half hour I'll tell it you, if you promise not to interrupt me, while we are finishing our coffee." And as good as his word, my companion caught me by the botton-hole, to make me face him duly, and then took up his line of march as follows.

The only corner in all Versailles, where a person can get *fuddled decently*, is at the sign of the *Two Storks*. To be sure it is at the very end of the town, and as far as the f

thest from that brick-built castle, and those beautiful alleys where Madame de Montespan loves to walk ; but it's a joyous spot, for all that. In summer it is shaded by a large lime-tree, that now and then sheds down a blossom on the stone tables ; in winter it is warmed by a stove, the top of which flanks out with a wide shelf, where you can stand down your liquor ; and you'll always catch around it plenty of musqueteers, and guards, and office-seekers who love good wine and a gay word, in a quiet retreat, better than the noise and bustle of grandeur ; in a word, there is not the equal of the *Two Storks* in all the world, and if I lived for a thousand years I should never forget the place, nor the look of the sign. Swinging and swinging in the least wind, and those two hospitable birds, as amicable as Castor and Pollux,—soaring the same flight, wing to wing, with their heads up proudly, their long bills stretching ahead, and a kind of side-long look out of their eyes right at one. I can never forget the look of the sign.

One day as my wife—and truly, she was a pretty thing to look at that day ; she's a sweet creature any day, but then she had dressed herself so killing ; she had a bell-hoop, with a flutter of furbelows on each hip that looked like a pair of panniers, they were so full ; and then her white laces, and her hair steepled up on the crown of her head with gold pins, and her little foot,—do you know, that Mr. Fouquet was so polite as to say of her that day, when he saw her little foot, that may be she might be twelve years old ! Well that day, I say, as my wife was going after mass to present in person a petition to his majesty, Louis XIV., relative to the affairs of the regiment of her father, my father-in-law, the late Baron de Saint Romans, killed in a duel opposite Our Lady-in-the-fields ; meanwhile, what

did I do, but just betake myself to the *Two Storks*, to await the result of her audience.

I had been there about two hours, as happy as any cit can be, that is drinking Macon, breathing a pure, warm air, and expecting his wife every minute; I had seen driving past the household coach of *Monsieur*, with outriders and spanking horses, and livery green, and the gold and the equipage of the Great Conde, which was all yellow; then La Maintenon, with her two young pupils, a charming pair of children, that promise to turn out quite handsome princes; they kept bowing right and left to every body; then Monseigneur de Louvois, who had just been promoted to a handsome command of dragoons, and I saw too Monsieur de Condom, with his great bishop's cross of dark violet over his breast, and Monsieur de Boileau, with a complete new suit; there they went by, every fop of them, each one in his embroidered coat—and me, what am I poor varlet. Well, thought I, what if you are all going to court,—I have my wife; I wish she were here, or that I could get you to send her to me!

You know how a man goes on that's drinking all alone by himself: the machine of the water-works at Marly is not more regular in its motions; one glass follows another glass, and sigh follows sigh; there he is poor fellow like a plant in the sultry sunshine,—stooping and languid; by comes the gardener and waters it, and it revives a little; but suppose he waters it a little more, then it grows as weak as ever, but this time, when it bends its head, it is not for want, but it yields to the excess of the blessed supply. Now, don't be astonished at so poetical a comparison, pray don't; it is none of mine; I just repeat it as I heard it uttered by my friend *Mr. Bachamont*, the last day I had the honor of dining with him.

I was then just on the turning point, just on the to be or not to be tipsey ; already the nearest of the bordering trees on the great dusty highway began to defile their ranks, spinning before me their round pollard heads, like so many powdered chamberlains. "For the most part," says I to myself, how I do like this spending the Sabbath in the green fields ; those willows are so sweet beside the oaks entwined with honeysuckle, and yonder elms wound about with ivy, that stretches out to clasp the tall pines as if fain to drag them down ; and that willow over yon pretty lake, growing downwards, and the lake like a smooth sheet of silver !" The whole Sabbath was as false as the mirage of the desert ! a mere calenture : in the very midst of my silver lake, there started forward a real man, ha ! ha ! and willows and lake broke up and fled like a mist of the morning.

It was a real, corporal man ; "Blast my eyes !" cried he, and if you believe me, he rapped out oaths a little worse yet ;—"Waiter ! a doublet and hose ! Liver and lightning-bugs, how damnable bad I feel ! I am half murdered ; I am burning up, like Joan of Arc ! Help, hurry ! waiter ! some hose, good lord ! or I'll handle you as rough as I would an Englishman ! hang you, villain, hurry ! you lousy son of a b—— !"

With that he flung himself down on a bench. "Have mercy on us !" cried he, starting up again ; and, drawing his sword, he slit the tags of his doublet completely, up and down, and thrusting down doublet and hose, he stepped out of them and flung them with his rapier ten paces off. The doublet and hose both kept their shape as they fell, stiffer than brocade ; you would have said that it was a man that lay there, headless and legless. Then he tore off his vest and sent that to accompany the doublet and hose. The

sweat was fairly streaming from every pore of the poor man; his arms and legs were as red as blood; his neck was not a boiled lobster redder. So you see the fellow stood before me though not *in cuerpo*, yet next to it, in his buff tunic, with an air of mingled exhaustion and complacency that was contagious to behold.

O! but he did cut a bold figure! Such a manly face, tanned and weather-beaten as an old hulk; a fell of rough red shag over his ponderous limbs, a great bull neck,—looked as if he could have wrestled with a lion. But all the while, he kept his hat on his head; it was a broad beaver with floating white feathers, fastened by an embroidered cockade; such a hat as you have seen worn by some noble officer in attendance on the king.

He drew near me, took my glass and drank; he emptied the glass in a breath. He took the bottle and emptied it. Presently there was quite a crowd at the gate, wagons, fruiterers, loitering women, all the suburban loungers were poking their heads forward, with staring eyes, to catch sight of the crazy man, that had been bellowing so lustily.

Then he took me by one hand, and without giving my doublet and hose a second look,—without deigning, even, to thrust into a safe corner a coat of embroidered cloth with gold epaulettes, he snatched up in the other hand, my rapier and his sword; he crossed right through the ground-floor without any body taking it into their heads to laugh at him, and drew me along into the back garden, to a table,—for in a tavern, you know, there's tables every where.

“Waiter! wine; waiter, a suit of clothes! clothes and wine, damn you, but the wine first!”—Then he added, addressing me, “You're a brave fellow,—well met!”

The waiter came with his bundle of clothes. “Well

no clothes to offer you, sir, none indeed, sir; but a poor suit of mine, sir, a poor suit of cotton, sir, very light, and perhaps too short, sir."

I thought he would have hugged the waiter in his arms.

"Yes, my dear fellow," said he, "a suit of yours, do you hear; a light, cool pair of breeches, a vest, without skirts to bob against my heels; a jacket such as you have got on;—ay indeed, it's the very thing itself." And as he discoursed, he thrust one leg after the other into a pair of dimity breeches, and pulled on the green and yellow-striped jacket which had been handed to him by the tapster.

"Well but!" says I to him, "that patch on the knee grins most horribly;" and I pointed out the mended rent on the knee.

"If the gentleman would only have a clean white apron to put on," said the waiter, "the patch will not be seen."

"No, no need of the apron, I am well enough as it is, could'nt be better," replied the stranger; "so boy, now go look up my doublet and hose, and you are welcome to keep them; take especial care of the lining, my dear fellow, it is all gold, and you may set up a tavern for yourself, now, if you choose."

"Coat and hose of gold, sir!" I exclaimed, perfectly astonished.

"Of gold," he replied. "I wanted to play the grand for once in my life; and I imagined this suit, the hose lined with cloth of gold, and the doublet lined with cloth of gold; so as to be different from the rest of the courtiers who clap on all their gold outside; but oh! what I have had to undergo with it! why my very blood is boiling out. Bless thee, my breeches!" said he, with a coddling smile, as he peered at the dark patch on his knee.

I poured out his liquor for him, just as any body pours out a glass;—that is, to take the bottle, and the glass, and pour, being careful, if you are fair and honest, to fill up to the brim. He looked at me hard, with a discontented look, then emptied the glass at a single draught.—“You do not know how to pour out a glass of wine,” said he gravely. “Are you not ashamed of yourself,—to slubber over in such haste such an important manœuvre. To fill up to the brim is fair doings, on the word of an honest man; but when one has got on a good pair of breeches, and a good thin vest, he ought to take his ease; he ought to have his ease; and not swallow his wine like young master over the first bottle he has filched from his dad’s cellar.” •

Suiting the action to the word, he settled himself on his centre of gravity, set his glass square before him, leaned his elbow on the table, grasped the bottle with the whole hand, and then slowly poured off the remainder. During the process, a broad good humoured smile, the smile of a lover of a cheerful glass, gradually expanded his lips, and gave to view two rows of large, perfect, and white teeth; while his eye followed the course of the wine as keen as a gaze-hound.

“Do you hear,” says he, “that light sound, that faint music, as sweet as the roar of cannon? Tink, tink, tink!—It’s a feeling, it vibrates; the wine laughs, and the white beads sparkle—tink, tink! Lord! what beautiful breeches! Good Lord! my dear, dear fellow, how happy I am!” •

Having finished his glass, he began afresh;—“This is a discovery which I have made in my voyages; and a great discovery it is. When there falls a dead calm, and the log is running out, why then I find a full band in the tinkling bottle; *Æolian* harp, theorbo, spinnet, violin, bass-viol, a whole orchestra, a full band,—drums and gongs are nothing to it

riend ! my dear fellow ! God bless me ! such a charm-
air of small-clothes as these are !"—

e stopped short to readjust himself still more at his ease,
having fixed himself to his fancy, he went on with his
." "By this knack, by the tune,—as I was telling you,
he odour, I can tell what kind of wine I am unbottleing.
undy gurgles low and sonorous, like the leader of a
ch choir, just such another as Cardinal Bossuet's voice.
et, now, the murmur of claret is for all the world like the
of the first young giggling girl a body meets when he
ashore of an evening after a two year's cruise, and en-
ters some smart miss humming an opera air, as she trips
; and turns a corner near the theatre. Champagne frets
umes, and carries on like a tragedy lady that bursts out
declamation, as if she were beside herself. As for the
l wines, your Cyprus, Sicily, Madeira, don't mention
; they are silent and still as a poisoner, still as an assas-
aylaying one on the highway. Now I like wine that
is out, yes, by my honour and my cockade I do, be-
me."

was listening in admiration, I was delighted with his boon
of spirits. I forgot my wife, and forgot the regiment ;
only ashamed of having never a word to say, when in
ompany of such a ready and agreeable talker. At last,
t a better face on my own dullness, I determined at
to ask him a question.—

So, sir," says I, "if liquors are so voluble, according
ur thinking, pray sir, if I may ask, what says punch ?"
ho ! as for punch," said he, throwing his hand up above
outh—"as for punch !"—He leaned over my ear, pass-
s arm around my neck, and drew down my head almost
; table.

"As for punch, as true as I am a loyal tar, that has been baptized under the line, I do verily love punch like the smell of gunpowder. It's a serious business to make it, let me tell you. The produce of the Old and the New World goes to the making of it, and it may be called the connecting link of the two worlds. I myself like to mix it,—when I have leisure."—He paused an instant, and then added, with a chuckle, "bless us, such a grand pair of small-clothes, such another glorious jacket! Lord! how happy I feel."

Anon he resumed—"Punch has an essence of fire in it, which rouses the spirits and makes a man as bold as you please. We drank it all round one day, my jack-tars and I, when we were expecting our vessel to founder, every minute; but instead of going down, we grappled the harder on the Spanish galleon. And it was not long before we had made a very favorable exchange for the king's profit; our little old schooner against the deep-laden Spaniard,—full of American riches, gold-bars, dollars, diamonds, cinnamon, rum,—punch forever!"

He poured himself out a glass after his own fashion, and having made sure of the quality of the wine by listening intently to the tinkle—"I forgot," said he, "to tell you, that in the cargo there was sugar and coffee besides; a perfumed coffee so aromatic, and that will so quicken the brain, and so sharpen the sight, that it will make you espy a sail at sea seven leagues off.—Halloo there, my brave boys! all sail! point your guns! silence! 'bout ship! out grapplings! now show yourselves my lads! She's a prize, another prize! God Save the king!"

He waved his hat over his head, and started up to have more elbow-room; his face shone broad like the sun, and it would have done your heart good to have seen him strutting

up and down in the tavern-garden; in his cotton vest and drawers, which hardly came within six inches of his knees—leaving all the lower part of his legs as bare as a new-born babe. I could not help roaring along with him, God save the king !

After a moment's indulgence of his martial fit, the worthy soul resumed his seat on the bench beside me. "What a mighty king we have ;" says he, "but then—such a h— of a hole as his palace is !"

He knit sternly his heavy brows ;—"let us drink," said he.

I then perceived that his left hand was bloody, and quite scratched.—"Why what have you there?" said I with a smile, "has some little hand punished your's thus ;—who would have thought of such a piece of mischief ; but the fair ladies of Paris like nothing so well as playing one every sort of trick, nowadays." "It was no fair lady, sir," replied he, "that scratched me in that wise ; it was the king's cat, damn her ! large, and all white, with a gold collar ; this cat, you must know, was stepping along very demurely in the anti-chamber ; and I saw the minister pass her a salute, and the confessor notice her and every body move out of her way ; so as I had nothing to do, and was tired of waiting, I e'en spoke the cat : Puss, puss ! here puss, said I ;—every body seemed amazed at me,—pussy, here puss ! Puss swelled up her back ; I stooped down to stroke her, and, lubber that I was, stretched out my hand to touch the angry thing, when puss growled, spat, clapper-clawed my hand as you see, and darted into the king's room before me, as if to tell her own story. What between the surprise and the twinge of it,—Hell and the devil ! cried I. When, lo you ; up drives a sergeant full-face to me and says he to me,—"no swearing is allowed in the king's palace !"

Well ! I turned off, nettled enough at the rebuke, and went into a corner and sat me down. The self same sergeant came up to me again ; and says he, “ no sitting is allowed in the palace ! ” I rose of course ; and the better to smother and keep down my anger, I began to whistle one of my own country tunes. When I whistle that tune on deck, sir, my whole ship trembles ; every sailor is at his post, the pilot keeps his eye on the helm, every marine grasps his musket steadier ; when I whistle that tune sir, it is like the very brooding of the tempest ! I began to whistle that tune, and the same fellow of a sergeant followed me up still ; and with all the coolness imaginable, says plump to me “ no whistling is allowed in the palace ! ”

Then I was determined to try him ; so I took out my pipe, and lighted my touch-wood, filled the bowl with tobacco, and this time the sergeant kept his distance—By and by my pipe was ready ; and I drew a whiff ;—but before I could puff it out, the sergeant was there again :—“ No smoking is allowed at the king’s ! ”—said he ; I just snapped my pipe in two with sheer mortification. What said I, is this the way you are going to treat me, who am one of the king’s officers ? Neither let me sit, nor swear, nor whistle, nor smoke, nor do any thing at the king’s, which I have learned to do in the king’s service !

But I told the king of his behaviour, so I did, and he promised that he would give orders to the sergeant when I come next time.”

To make a long story short,—I never grew tired of my companion’s discursive vein ; but as for repeating all that he said, it is impossible ; suffice it to say, that it was the *happiest and best spent hour* I can call to mind ; I forgot, so long as it lasted, both wife and regiment !

However, my wife did not give me, after all, as much of a lecture as I had looked for, and this soaker that I am telling you about, was just no other than Jean-Bart, the heart-of-oak old corsair himself.—*Canfield's American Argus.*

A Curious Will. A worthy and wealthy tradesman, who died a few years since, had the following extraordinary *item* in his will—as may be seen in Doctors' Commons—“I bequeath to my youngest son Thomas, two thousand pounds, and all my luck in the lotteries; and recommend him to adventure at least *five pounds in every scheme*—such a pursuit being the means that enabled me to commence trade.”

THE WIDOW.

One widow at a grave will sob
 A little while, and weep, and sigh!
 If two should meet on such a job,
 They'll have a gossip by and by.
 If three should come together—why,
 Three widows are good company!
 If four should meet by any chance,
 Four is a number very nice,
 To have a rubber in a trice—
 But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C — (why should I not
 Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
 Was one of those the “common lot”
 Had left to weep “no common loss”—
 For she had lately buried then
 A man, the “very best of men,”
 A lingering truth, discover'd first
 Whenever men “are at the worst.”

To take the measure of her woe,
 It was some dozen inches deep—
 I mean in crape, and hung so low,
 It hid the drops she did *not* weep :
 In fact, what human life appears
 It was a perfect “veil of tears.”
 Though ever since she lost “her prop
 And stay,”—alas! he wouldn’t stay—
 She never had a tear to mop,
 Except one little angry drop,
 From Passion’s eye, as Moore would say,
 Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
 It look’d so very like a spite—
 He died upon a washing-day !

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
 As if to “wet a widow’s cheek,”
 And soothe his grave with sorrow’s gravy,—
 ’Twas nothing but a make-believe,
 She might as well have hoped to grieve
 Enough of brine to float a navy ;
 And yet she often seem’d to raise
 A cambric kerchief to her eye—
 A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
 Its work was all so very dry.
 The springs were lock’d that ought to flow—
 In England or in widow-woman—
 As those that watch the weather know,
 Such “backward Springs” are not uncommon
 But why did Widow Cross take pains,
 To call upon the “dear remains,”—
 Remains that could not tell a jot,
 Whether she ever wept or not,
 Or how his relict took her losses ?
 Oh ! my black ink turns red for shame—
 But still the naughty world must learn,
 There was a little German came
 To shed a tear in “Anna’s Urn”
 At that next grave to Mr. Cross’s !

For there an angel's virtues slept, .
 "Too soon did Heav'n assert its claim!"
 But still her painted face he kept,
 "Encompass'd in an angel's frame."



He look'd quite sad, and quite depriv'd,
 His head was nothing but a hat-band ;
 He look'd so lone, and so *unwiv'd*,
 That soon the Widow Cross contriv'd
 To fall in love with even *that* band ;
 And all at once the brackish juices
 Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—
 Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
 Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
 No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
 But like a bursting on the main!
 Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—
 I mean to say in showery weather—
 Has seen two little drops of rain,
 Like lovers very fond and fain,
 At one another creeping, creeping,
 8*

The Gleaner.

Till both, at last, embrace together :
 So far'd it with that couple's weeping !
 The principle was quite as active—
 Tear unto tear,
 Kept drawing near—

Their very blacks became attractive.
 To cut a shortish story shorter,
 Conceive them sitting tête à tête—
 Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
 With “ Anna's Urn ” to hold hot water !
 The brazen vessel for a while,
 Had lectured in any easy song,
 Like Abernethy—on the bile.—

The scalded herb was getting strong ;
 All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
 To have a cosey cup of tea ;
 Alas ! how often human sippers
 With unexpected bitters meet,
 And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
 Like sugar, only meet the nippers !

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
 Had seen three husbands to the mould ;
 She never sought an Indian pyre,
 Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
 But, with a proper sense of fire,
 Put up, instead, with “ three removes : ”
 Thus, when with any tender words
 Or tears she spoke about a loss,
 The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
 Came in for nothing but his thirds ;
 For, as all widows love too well,
 She liked upon the list to dwell,
 And oft ripp'd up the old disasters—
 She might, indeed, have been suppos'd
 A great *ship* owner, for she prosed
 Eternally of her Three Masters !

Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man;
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh! it is a curtain-rod!"

ity College, Forty Years Ago, It was a lovely morn-
ing remittance had arrived in the very nick of time:—
our horses were in excellent condition, and I resolved,
College chum, to put in execution a long concerted
scheme of driving to London tandem. We sent our hors-
eward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra
nacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We
went to London in high style—went ball-pitch to the play
after a quick breakfast at the Bedford, set out with
our horses upon a dashing drive through the West End.
We were turning down the Haymarket, and anticipating
yet unknown," when who, to my utter horror and con-
fusion, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old
hearted, but severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas
e. Escape was impossible. A cart before, and two
horses behind, made us stationary, and I mentally re-

signed all idea of ever succeeding to Elmwood Hall and three thousand per annum. Up he came.

"What, can I believe my eyes? George! why what are you doing here? Tandem, too!" I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind. I looked right and left, as if it were wholly impossible that it could be me he was addressing.

"What! you don't know me, I suppose? Don't know your own uncle? Why, in the name of common sense—pshaw! you've done with that—why, in h—l's name, Sir, an't you at Cambridge?"

"At Cambridge," sir said I.

"At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment, "why I suppose you never were at Cambridge? Never entered the gates at Trinity? Eh! O! you young spendthrift, is this ~~the~~ way you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard, you young profligate—you young graceless—you young devil—you!"

Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once.

"Really, Sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon an emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance!" His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment. "Excuse me, but to my knowledge I never saw you before." He began to fidget. "Make no apologies; they are unnecessary. Your next encounter will, I hope, be more fortunate. You will find your country cousin, no doubt, in Green-street; and so, old buck, bye bye."

The cart was removed, and we drove off, yet not without seeing him in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim

"He disowns me! the jackanapes disowns his own uncle." Phil. Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence, is present at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, d'un nouton qui reve, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over a quadratic equation.

"Well, George, what's to be done now?—We're dished—dished—utterly dished."

"Not while I've two such tits as these fresh, Phil." was my reply. "So adieu to town, and hey for Cambridge."

"Cambridge!"

"Instantly—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will wait there with four horses immediately, and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a killing, is to be there before him."

Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we rattled back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety which I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and strings of carts impeded our progress, but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the College gates in less than six hours.

"Has Sir Thomas been here?" I enquired of the porter, with ill-concealed emotion.

"No Sir."

Phil. thanked God, and took courage. "If he does, tell me so and so," said I, giving veracious Joseph his instructions, and putting a guinea in his hand to sharpen his memo-

ry. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face College for this fortnight.—You twig? Good.

"Permitte Divis cætera."

I had barely time to change my dress, to have my and trencher beside me, Newton and Euripides before Optics, Mechanics, and Hydrostatics strewn in confusion around me, when my uncle drove up to the

"Porter, I wish to see Mr. P——n; is he in his room?"

"Yes, sir, I took a parcel of books to him there ten minutes ago!"

This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth Thomas was known through College, had told for months the last he was well paid for.

"Reads very hard, I dare say?" observed the Baron with his soft winning voice.

"No doubt of that, I believe sir."

"You audacious varlet, how dare you look me in the face and tell me such a falsehood! You know he is at Cambridge."

"Not in Cambridge, sir!—as I hope——"

"None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me your rooms, I say, and show me himself."

He had now reached my staircase, and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement, bordering incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?"

"What! George! who—what—who—egad, I am dreaming."

"How happy I am to see you." I ran on—"How glad of you to come! How well you're looking!"

"Eh? What? Where am I! Why, it is not possible."

od Lord, how people may be deceived! My dear orge,"—speaking rapidly—"I met two fellows, in a tan-
n, in the Hay-market, one of them so like you in every
ticular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned
—affected to make a jest of me, and drove off. On my
il my hair stood on end, and my blood was in a boil. I
ve down directly with four horses to tell your tutor, to
l the master, to tell the whole College, that I would have
thing more to do with you; that I would be responsible
your debts no longer; to enclose you fifty pounds, and
own you for ever."

"My dear sir, how singular!"

"Singular? I wonder at perjury no longer. For my
rt, I would have gone into any Court of Justice, and have
ten my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness.—
e air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and *that*
s *not* yours. No—no—you would'nt have treated your
l uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that—"

"Rejoiced! So am I. I would not but have been unde-
ved for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you
e so quiet, so studious, so immersed in mathematicks,
uld have convinced me. Egad, I can't tell you how
as startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be
e, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two
mbridge men, one of Trinity the other of St. John's,
d met on the top of Vesuvius, and they thought they
ew each other by name and reputation, yet never hav-
; been formally introduced, like two simpletons they
ked at each other in silence, and left the mountain
parately and without speaking. And it was only last
ek, *that cracked fellow-commoner*, Meadows, showed me

a caricature, taken from the like, representing a drowning, and another gownsman standing on the bank claiming—‘ Oh ! that I had the honor of being in to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of him !’ “ But—d——it, thought I, he never would far with his own uncle. I never heard that your father was a gay man,” continued he, musing, “ but as you are so light, the likeness is—” I moved instantly. “ But possible, you know it’s impossible. Come, my dear friend, come, people though electrified, must dine. Who else ? Never were two people so alike !”

We dined at the Inn, spent the evening together, instead of the fifty, “ the *last fifty*,” he generously gave a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, “ Most surprising likeness ! God bless you. Read hard, you young dog, read hard. Like as two fathers ? Who the d——l could he be ?”—I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months after the consequence of his being *bit* in a bet contracted with him, was “ a little elevated,” left me the heir to his fine estate. I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues, that I did not attempt to palliate deception, it is always criminal. I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again until I was graduated ; and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honors, it did not disgrace my uncle’s liberalities by its *name*. Many years have elapsed since our last interview, but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure.

our last intercourse on earth should have been marked
circumstances of the grossest deception—and pleasure,
the serious reflections it awakened, cured me forever
ll wish to deceive, and made the open and strait-for-
l path of life, that of *The Sexagenarian.*



MARY'S GHOST.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

The Gleaner.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute ;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it,

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me ;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be !

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and bon'd your Mary,

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can :
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !
My William we must part !
But I'll be your's in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They have'nt left an atom there;
Of my anatomie.

Hood.

Origin of "Uncle Sam." Much learning and research have been exercised in tracing the origin of odd names, and odd sayings, which, taking their rise in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet, in the course of years, becoming involved in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin. "The Swan with two Necks"—"The Bull and Mouth"—"All my eye Betty Martin," and many others, are of this character—and who knows but an hundred years hence, some "learned commentator" may puzzle his brain to furnish some ingenious explanation of the origin of the national appellation placed at the head of this article. To aid him, therefore, in his research, I will state the facts as they occurred under my own eye.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place, were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the Contractor for the army. The packs were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the

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lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilsons, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S. for United States, was almost then entirely new to them) said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam*—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier line for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the U. S. remain a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at a time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt and hog-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.—*N. York Gaz.*

Mr. Lee Lewis. The agility of the late Mr. Lee Lewis, the harlequin, is generally known. Having played *the little theatre* in the Hay-market one evening, and being *fatigued*, he sent for a coach to the stage door, and be-

He came down to the coach, the driver entered into conversation with the call-boy respecting the lives and habits of the players, and concluded his inquiries by a shake of the head, and an observation that he was afraid they were all on the broad way to destruction. At this moment Lee Lewis came down, and got into the coach unperceived by the coachman. After waiting some moments, and finding that the coachman did not attempt to get up, he pushed his head out of the window, and shouted, "Are you going to keep me here all night?" "*Lord have mercy upon us,*" exclaimed the coachman, "is any body in my coach?" "Yes, certainly—come, drive on!"—"Where to, Sir?" "Why to the Devil," (meaning the Devil Tavern, in Fleet street, which then occupied the site of Childe's place, Temple-bar.) "To the devil!! bless me, what wicked people." "No, coachman, drive to the — in Drury lane." The — was a house built in the reign of Queen Anne, with a projecting first floor, which was perfectly accessible to Lee Lewis from the coach. Accordingly when the vehicle stopped, the first floor window of the house being open, Lewis with a spring flew from the coach window into that of the house. The coachman descended and finding his fare decamped, exclaimed—"There's a pretty rascal to cheat a poor man in this way; 'drive me to the devil,' indeed, if I wasn't a christian I could almost wish you! there."—By this time the coachman had mounted.—Lewis took this opportunity to jump back again into the coach, and exclaimed, "Come coachman, open the door!"—The driver previously alarmed by the mysterious conduct of the player, now heard with extreme dread the voice of his fare coming from out the coach which he had just found empty. He therefore descended, and Lewis returned into the first floor.

The coachman opened the door—the coach was empty! He looked under the seats, and into the pockets, but no one was there. Not a word escaped his lips, and more dead than alive, he crawled upon the box, anxious to be relieved from so awkward a situation. Lewis returned into the coach, and leaning his head out of the window, exclaimed, “It’s a strange thing you won’t let me out.” “*Lord have mercy upon us!*” ejaculated the coachman, as he slid from his seat to the ground, between the horses.—Lewis assisted him to rise, and finding that the man was seriously alarmed, he determined to drop the joke. “Well, what’s your fare?” said Lewis. “*Nothing Sir,*” said the coachman, scrambling into his seat, “I bean’t to make no charge to night, Sir,—master said *I wasn’t to charge nobody nothing*—and so,” continued he, as he drove off, eyeing Lewis with a very cunning look, “*master devil, for once I have been too deep for you.*”

TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
 And ne’er had seen the skies :
 For Nature, when his head was made,
 Forgot to *dot his eyes.*

So like a Christmas pedagogue,
 Poor Tim was forc’d to do—
 Look out for *pupils*, for he had
 A *vacancy for two.*

There’s some have specs to help their sight
 Of objects dim and small :
 But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
 And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant-maid,
And took her to his arms ;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A *wall-eye* on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
Where'er he wish'd to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The *life of any dog*.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, *with a knife*.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
He wish'd them dark again :
For when he look'd upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat :
For she was any thing but like
A *Grace before his meat*.

Now Tim he was a *feeling* man :
For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for every thing—
But *that was with a stick*.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knocked at his wife's head until
It *open'd unto him*.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a *heap* with all
The *ashes of her house*.

But like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From *day to day*, and so he cut
His *throat from ear to ear*.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in:
 Said he this wound I dread
 Can hardly be sow'd up—his *life*
Is hanging on a thread.

But when another week was gone,
 He gave him stronger hope—
 Instead of hanging on a *thread*,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
 In ashes round about,
 How little he supposed the truth,
 Would soon be *sifted out.*

But when the parish dustman came,
 His rubbish to withdraw,
 He found more *dust* within the heap,
 Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
 Were sworn that very day;
 But tho' they all were *jurors*, yet
No conjurors were they.



Said Tim unto those jurymen,
 You need not ~~waste~~ your breath,

For I confess myself at once,
The author of her death.

And, oh ! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscrib'd with double *guilt* !

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes,
A *great* judge, and a *little* judge,
The *judges of a-size* !



The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang,
"Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a *drop too much*.

Hood.

The Acquavitato of Longara. Our readers are probably aware that a great rivalry existed between Michael Angelo Buonarotta, and Raphael Sauzio d'Urbino. Both these distinguished men endowed with extraordinary genius, were afflicted with the malady, which is known by the name of professional jealousy. In truth, Michael Angelo was by nature rather uncourteous, and he knew full well that Raphael never brought his style of painting to perfection, until he had long studied his rival's fresco paintings in the Sixtine Chapel. He acknowledged nevertheless, that more grace and beauty were discernible in Raphael's paintings than in his own gigantic works: but declared very openly that his rival should never bear away the palm from him. I am no judge of these matters: but according to the opinion, of the greatest men, Michael Angelo did himself no injustice; for he was a great poet, an excellent architect, an incomparable sculptor, and an inimitable painter, I see readers, that you are about to inquire, what all this has to do with the Acquavitato of Longara. Pardon me, I was wrong—but to my story.


The Farnese family had built a country house on the banks of the Tiber in the street of Longara. The Cardinal Farnese, that he might render it the most delightful place in the world, was desirous that all the halls upon the ground floor should be painted by Raphael. At first his Eminence found great difficulty with the artist, but having gained over Fornarina to his interest by presents and flattery, the great painter promised to make the villa, by his paintings, superior to every other: but he requested, and the request was granted, that no person should be admitted until his task should be completed.

In the mean time, the numerous admirers of Raphael spoke with enthusiasm of the pictures which he had already executed in the Farnesian villa. They praised particularly, the banquet of the Gods, and the wedding of Cupid and Psyche : but they spoke with highest admiration of the Triumph of Galatea, and ended always by saying : We shall see what Michael Angelo will say of these chefs-d'œuvre.

All these rumours, all these praises resounded in the ears of Buonarotta, and he swore by the Hell of Dante that he would find means to enter the Farnesian villa, to examine his rival's works, and prevent him from completing them.

You must know, readers, that Raphael was devotedly attached to Fornarina, and that he went very late to his labors in order that he might remain the longer in her company. So he gave direction, that towards noon, every thing should be ready on the wall which he was about painting.

One fine morning, Michael Angelo rose at an early hour, and disguising himself as an acquavitario, took with him a large basket filled with biscuit and aqua-vitæ, [brandy] and set out for the Farnesian villa. When he reached the place where the masons were employed, he cried out stoutly, *aquavitæ, aquavitæ*. I do not know whether French labourers are fond of this liquor, but the Italian love it well. No sooner was the cry heard by the workmen, than they opened the gate and let in the acquavitario.—As soon as Michael Angelo found himself fairly on the inside, he flung down his biscuit and aquavitæ before the workmen, and ran through the halls to see the paintings of Raphael. After passing a first piece, and then a second, he stopped a moment before the beautiful picture of Galatea, and seeing that a scaffolding was erected and the wall prepared in the

same piece, he went  and sketched with a coal, a gigantic head of Jupiter; and having done this, he descended quickly and departed, without staying to reclaim his goods.

When Raphael arrived, near noon, at the sight of this magnificent head, he exclaimed, "Michael Angelo!" From this day, he painted no more in the Farnesian villa, and his labors remain incomplete.

The head which Michael Angelo sketched upon the wall remains there still, and covered with a glass, still excites the admiration of artists and connoisseurs.

Brass Breeches. Mr. T.—n, of the mercantile wealth and celebrity, was travelling on the Continent in splendid English style. Arrived at the town of — in Switzerland, the mayor politely waited upon the party, inviting them to an annual ball given on that evening, Mr. T. in his somewhat English French said, he could not accept the invitation, as all his clothes were packed up, and he had nothing to wear but his *culottes de cuivre*. "*Mon Dieu! est il possible, des culottes de cuivres!*" cried the French mayor—but immediately recovering his French politeness, he assured the Englishman that he would be welcome in any breeches.—The party repaired to the ball, and Mr. T. was exceedingly annoyed by the company making lanes for him to pass, and staring with marked expressions of wonder at his *culottes*.—To such a height had this grown, that he at length began to be restive, to swear, and to give up his faith in the current creed of French politeness. At last a dapper little Frenchman, skipping up to Mr. T. and pinching the *culottes*, said, "*Dites moi, Monsieur l'Anglais, sont il vraiment des culottes de cuivre?*" "Oui, oui," replied Mr. T. en Jean

Bull, "*Je vous dis qu'ils sont mes culottes de cuire.*" "*Ah de cuire ?*" cried the little Frenchman, with an aspiration as deep as if drawn from the bottom of Carisbrook well; and turning round to the company he explained the Englishman's mistake, announcing that they were merely *des culottes de peau.*"

Diamond cut diamond. A few weeks ago a "sporting character" looked in at the Hygeia Hotel, just to see if he could fall in with any subjects, but finding none, and understanding from the respectable proprietor, Mr. Parks, that he could not be accommodated with a private room, wherein to exercise the mysteries of his craft, felt the time begin to hang heavy on his hands; so in order to dispel *ennui* he took out a pack of cards and began to amuse the by-standers in the bar-room with a number of ingenious tricks with them, which soon drew a crowd around him. "Now," said he, after giving them a good shuffle and slapping the pack down upon a table, "I'll bet any man ten dollars I can cut the Jack of hearts at the first attempt." Nobody seemed inclined to take him up however, till at last a weather-beaten New England skipper, in a pea-jacket, stumped him by exclaiming, "Darned if I don't bet you! But stop; let me see if all's right." Then taking up and inspecting it as if to see that there was no deception in it, he returned it to the table, and began to fumble about in a side pocket, first taking out a jack-knife, then a twist of tobacco, &c. till he produced a roll of bank notes, from which he took one of \$10 and handed it to a by-stander; the gambler did the same, and taking out a pen knife, and literally cutting the pack in two through the middle, turned with an air of triumph to the company.

and demanded if he had not *cut* the Jack of hearts. "No, I'll be darned if you have!" bawled out Jonathan, "for here it is, safe and sound." At the same time producing the card from his pocket, whither he had dexterously conveyed it while pretending to examine the pack, to see if it was "all right." The company were convulsed with laughter, while the poor "child of chance" was fain to confess that "*it was hard getting to windward of a Yankee.*"—*Norfolk Herald.*

Punctuation. When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his famous book, entitled, "A Pikel for the Knowing Ones," there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land, regarding punctuation; and as many diverse systems appeared, for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc. as there were works published. To obviate this difficulty and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the ending of the book, had printed four or five pages of nothing but stops and pauses, with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

A Pedagogue's Pun. A youth, who had not long been emerged from scholastic trammels, having been smitten with a pretty face, consulted his former preceptor whether he would advise him to *conjugate*? "No," replied the pedagogue, "I should say, by all means, *decline.*"

Dean Swift—Dean Swift once preached a charity ser-

at St. Patrick's, Dublin, the length of which disgusted
y of his auditors ; which coming to his knowledge, and
lling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of
like kind, in the same place, he took special care to a-
l falling into the former error. His text was, " He that
pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which
hath given, will he pay him again." The Dean, after
eating his text in a more than commonly emphatical tone
ed, " Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of
loan ; if you like the security down with your dust."—
s worthy of remark, that the quaintness and brevity of
sermon produced a very large contribution.

EVENING.

By a Tailor.

DAY hath put on his jacket—and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet moss,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe !
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.
Ha, what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is the deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren ; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,

Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
 And growing portly in his sober clothes.
 Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
 O no, it is that other gentle bird,
 Which is the patron of our noble calling.
 I well remember in my early years,
 When these young hands first closed upon a goose.
 I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
 Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
 My father was a tailor, and his father,
 And my great grandsire, all of them were tailors.
 They had an ancient goose—it was an heir-loom
 From some remoter tailor of our race—
 I am not certain, but I think 'twas he,
 Who happened to be hanged by some misfortune.
 No matter; but I saw it on a time
 When none was near, and I did deal with it,
 And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!
 —It is a joy to straiten out one's limbs
 And leap elastic from the level counter,
 Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
 The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
 And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
 For such a pensive hour of soothing thought.
 Kind nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
 Lays bare her shady bosom—I can feel
 With all around me—I can hail the flowers
 That make earth's mantle—and that quiet bird,
 That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
 The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
 Where nature stows away her loveliness.
 But this unaltered posture of the legs
 Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
 Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

The Boiled Man. About half past five o'clock, in the evening of the 6th of February last, I took my place

stage, (as the matter cannot be immediately brought before a jury, my lawyer has advised me to avoid using names,) dressed in a thick great coat as the weather seemed doubtful and I had been suffering with a low fever for some days before. I had a hundred dollar note and some loose cash, in my pocket, and an excellent gold repeater, with rather showy seals, in my fob. But what I was chiefly anxious about was a travelling case containing draughts to the amount of five thousand dollars, with which I had been entrusted by the house of P. S. & Co.

When I first entered the stage I observed that there was a stout man wrapped in a rough horseman's cloak, sitting in one corner of it; who proved to be the only passenger besides myself. Nothing particular occurred until we had started, unless it be worth while to mention that in getting in, the stranger would not move his leg, although much in my way. He might have been asleep—but it looked rude. So far, however, there was nothing which would have raised suspicion in the most apprehensive mind, and I am far from considering myself as belonging to that class. On this night in particular, I perfectly remember the firm tone of my nerves, and the careless indifference with which I started a common place subject, that I might discover whether my *compagnon de voyage* was as polished in his conversation as in his manners; for the affair of the leg had nettled me.—The topic which happened to be the uppermost in my thoughts was the recent elopement of Perryman, the clerk in the English Navy Pay Office. Having commented on the great number of defaulters which we have seen of late, I remarked to my unknown friend in the cloak, the singular confidence which mercantile men place in people who are unknown to them; “and yet” answered he, drily, “you ride in a stage

with people you do not know, and trust yourself to a driver you do not know." The answer made me fairly start; but as I never form my opinions of people hastily, I turned the conversation and endeavoured to examine the complexion of my muffled friend's mind a little further. "It is very cold sir," said I. "You will find it a d——d deal colder on —— heights" was the answer! A chill ran through me at the idea, and I regarded the bluff stranger with an eye of suspicion, as I considered the ominous nature of his replies.— "You venture in a stage sir, with people you do not know!" "You will be a d——d deal colder sir, on —— heights!" They might be casual observations, but the first sounded very like—Sir, I have you in a room six feet by four, and the latter I thought no bad hint at murder. But having as much courage as my neighbors, I cannot say that I felt any sensation beyond a slight distrust. My wish, however, for conversation was at an end, and sinking back in the corner of the stage, I amused myself with taking a more minute survey of my companion as the passing light of the street lamps flashed full upon his face, and shewed his enormous shadow upon the opposite side of the coach. His black eyebrows seemed to stand from his brow in masses—his eyes deeply sunk under their dark cover, shot back the light of the lamps, and the upper part of his face, for the lower was wholly hidden in his cloak, appeared in the lurid glare as red as mahogany, and as rough as a ploughed field. My time for observation was not long. The stage, little encumbered by baggage, dashed, rattled, and bumped over the rough pavement, and in a few minutes was gliding as smoothly over the road as if it had been lined with velvet. The suddenness of such a transition has always an agreeable effect upon my feelings, and, at present, it served to banish

the little excitement which had been produced by the forbidding aspect in the cloak. That aspect with all its terrors was now lost in shade, and as there was no probability that any further light would be thrown either upon the face, or the possessor of it, for some hours, I carefully settled my thoughts towards a more attracting subject, and began first to call to mind all the bon-mots and ludicrous jokes which had been started at the last meeting of the society to which I belong; and at the reminiscence of each, encouraged as far as possible a disposition to laugh. When this subject was exhausted, which was rather sooner than I expected, I plunged myself into a deep calculation of the expences incident to a mill that I had some idea of erecting. I had got clear through the carpenter's bill, when I was a little disturbed by a man on a white horse, riding along side the stage. He said nothing, and went away immediately; and I, as promptly resuming my calculation, was a long way in the price of damming, and banking, when the man on the horse came for a moment along side again. This time I observed that he too wore a cloak—and I then took to the dam again. I completed it—had cut a canal nearly half a mile long, when man and horse came boldly to the window. Hitherto my friend in the cloak had seemed asleep; but at this third apparition, he roused himself, gave a nod of recognition, and said “how do you do Tom?”—“Is that you?” was the reply which this observation elicited; and the man in the cloak having assented that it was he, the stranger disappeared.

Here was fresh matter for conjecture. If the intentions of the horseman were good, why had he not inquired at once for his friend. Why should he have given himself the trouble of overtaking us three times? Why should he make assurance doubly sure, by asking is that indeed you? or as I

interpreted it, are you ready at your post? The oddness of these circumstances gave rise to some unpleasant ideas in my mind; but with *Macbeth* I was soon "wearièd of conjecture;" and added, with manly resolution, if there is any mystery in these things it will be solved at——heights.—And with this conclusion I discarded all further speculation upon my journey, and set myself resolutely to thinking again; but the process was by no means an easy one. It was uphill work. My memory seemed out of joint. I attributed it to the stage which about this period began to jolt exceedingly. By the time I was ready to "jump at a conclusion," I had forgotten the premises, and when they were recovered, the conclusion was again to be sought. I remember being exceedingly astonished at the sum which I calculated the shaft of my mill wheel would cost, and had seriously considered the possibility of constructing a wheel without any shaft at all, when I recollected that my calculation supposed the length of the shaft to be 1160 yards,—a number previously deduced for the length of my canal, but a jolt of the coach had mixed the calculations.

A good hour was passed in this perplexed arithmetic before I fairly abandoned it, and took to whistling,—which I concluded would be easier than mathematics, and better adapted to the road. It had too the merit which induced Bottom to become musical, when in danger, and alone. It served to shew that I was not afraid, and to make the most of this merit, I chose none but warlike and manly songs, such as "Scots wha ha," or Jackson's March, and the Hunters of Kentucky, and found my courage increase their influence. My own fears were quickly mastered, and passing from one *extreme* to the other, I felt inclined to be merry at the peril *in which I stood*, and should have given my sullen compan-

ion a sly hint at his probable fate, had not every song that occurred to my mind, descriptive of a rogue coming to the gallows, said a little too much about his desperate courage before he got thither.

Whilst I was deliberating upon this matter the driver blew his horn with a startling suddenness, and in a few minutes we stopped to change horses. The light glared again upon my companion's face, which was not improved by the addition of a red nightcap. He seemed too to return my glare with a fierce scowl; whereas before, he had averted his eyes when I looked at him. These bad omens within doors made me look abroad for comfort, which I had some hopes of discovering in the driver, whom I trusted to find, a jolly fat man, with mirth in his face, and a sprig of evergreen or a monthly rose, in his bosom. My hopes were not realized. The fellow damned his horses; cut one of them over the ear with as much ill-temper as ever a lash expressed; beat his feet upon the foot-board with vehement impatience; (it was snowing,) and, lumbering down, appeared before me a stumpy, thickset man, with a round, pock-marked face, small grey eyes, no eyebrows, and a turned up nose. In my opinion, villain is never written more plainly than in those faces which have no features. I sunk into unpleasant meditation, when I was again aroused by the arrival of the grey horse and his rider. I stared instinctively at his features, but they were completely hidden. A dreadnought great coat, buttoned to the neck; a slouched hat, white with snow, and a silk handkerchief about the throat, bade defiance to my scrutiny.—“Tom,” said he in the coach, “you’ll push on?” The other’s voice was harsh with cold, “Ay, when I’ve warmed my blood.” How horrid that word sounds at times! “Hallo!” *to those in the house*—“a glass of iced water and a tooth-

pick." The fellow's common-place joke jarred on my irritated feelings. In a few minutes an unshod and tattered negro girl, brought him a rummer of smoking whiskey and water, which he drank at a draught. "Tom," was again repeated, "you'll get all ready?" "Aye, damn me if I dont," was the answer; and off went Tom at a gallop. This was too much: the house was poor and mean; but it was better than my next night's lodgings promised to be, should I continue my journey, and I resolved to stay there. I pushed open the door, jumped out, and was in the passage of the miserable Inn in a moment.

In a little back room I saw the driver talking to a man who appeared to be the Tavern-keeper. He was a thin miserable figure, with his breeches' knees unbuttoned, and a greasy cap on his head; his starved face was blotched by drink, and his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. He was without a cravat, and at the time when I saw him, his head was thrown back, and he was pointing to his throat with his long skinny finger. "No it wont do Jem," I heard the driver say.—"I've found a c'racter useful, and what will they say when the stage dont come in?" "As you like, Joe, but p'raps you may wish you had, on—— heights." The driver turned to go out, and stared as he met me in the passage. I made some shuffling excuse about wanting to warm myself at the fire, and rapidly revolving in my mind the circumstances in which I stood, determined to be murdered upon—— heights rather than in that house. The maudlin leering figure, that would have stood over me to see my throat cut, with as much indifference as he would that of a pig, had himself expressed some doubt of an escape in the *latter case*, and drowning men catch at straws, so I hurried back to my hearse,—it looked darker than any coach I ever

aw,—with desperate resolution, and heard the door close upon me, much as a malefactor of old must have heard the rattle of a gate which shut him in the den of a tiger. One paw of the human tiger with whom I was enclosed, was now visible ; it was a coarse brown mass, as big as a loaf, withumpy knuckles, and short stunted nails ; a Jackson* fist, that would have written its owner's name upon a wall with a hundred weight hanging from each finger. But the very strength of my suspicions had given me courage. . Blood and thunder ! said I to myself,—size is not courage ; was it not yesterday that I saw a three weeks' old opossum whip a bear ? and can not I fasten upon this man, as that animal clung to the bear's nose ?—I drew back into the corner for a spring, and fumbled in my pocket for a penknife.

The stage dragged heavily through the snow, and before an hour was elapsed I had fallen into a disturbed slumber. Strange dreams came upon me, I thought I was a mouse watched by a rattle snake. I received a new sense. I knew that fascination was. Even now the glaring eye of the serpent terrifies me—I wished to run into its jaws that it might look at me no longer. A change came to my dream : I was myself again—the snake was a black snake curled round my throat and tightening its horrid folds until I gasped for breath ; its fiery eyes were staring me in the face,—they enlarged every moment—dark eyebrows grew over them—shocked and trembling with horror I awoke. The aspect of the snake settled rapidly into the stern visage of the villain in the cloak ; the moon had risen, and shone full upon it. His gigantic hand was round my throat, and grasped it like a collar of iron. I had no power of utterance, hardly of ac-

*The Field Marshal not the General.—Vide Don Juan for the character of this illustrious man.

tion, but with a desperate effort I drove my penknife at his heart. Twice ! thrice, I repeated the blow ! I felt the villain loosen his hold : he fumbled in his cloak : a dirk flashed across the window, and in another moment—I know no further, there was a noise,—a crash as if the world was going to wreck—a piercing pain. Was this death ? I did not know : I was senseless. In one moment, my fears, my agonies, my struggles and my hopes were over ! I felt no more than the log which the axe hews for the fire. Neither do I know how long this lasted, but imperceptibly, that dreadful feeling of returning life which Byron has so forcibly described in Mazeppa, grew upon me. I drew a long, low, quivering breath—the blood rushed in gushes to my heart. I felt cold, sick and heavy, my eyes slowly opened, and when the objects before me ceased to reel, I found myself stretched in the snow.

I had been dragged apparently from the coach, which was upset beside me. A group of men at a little distance, among whom I plainly distinguished the man with the eyebrows, his friend Tom, and the round-faced pock-marked driver, were busy examining my travelling case. The five thousand was plainly their prey, and my life was doubtless to be taken as the security : but before I could reflect upon this horrible transaction, Tom said something which I did not hear, and the group approached me : they tumbled me over as if I had been a sack, and having placed me before a fellow, on a horse, we started off at a smart trot which lasted about five minutes, when we stopped at a mean low cottage,—for I ventured to open one eye to examine it, A light was brought to the door and I shut my eyes again as close *as if they were already sealed* forever. In a moment I *was taken down* from the horse, and carried into the house, where

they appeared to place me on a sort of bench, leave me there, and go out of the room; the man of the house observing that I should never move again, and Tom answering, in his harsh quick manner—"till we take him to his grave, my friend."

Recovered to life only to be told that the grave was yawning for me, and what a grave! I had seen enough to guess that I should be huddled into some dark corner, my limbs probably broken, whilst the breath of life was yet in my body, to make it large enough. Why to God, I thought, did you not finish your bloody work at once, and stab as butchers who know how to kill? Must I be dragged again into life only to be again deprived of it? I sickened at the idea, and fainted.

On recovering my senses I saw that the room in which I lay was a wash house attached to the cottage; in one corner stood a large cauldron, that a woman was filling with water, and in another a heap of dirty clothes. The woman had apparently finished her preparations for the night, and passed to go out. Wretch! thought I, can you thus calmly pursue your avocations with the mangled body of your associates' victim before you? I closed my eyes as she passed me, but I heard her stop and say with a tone of deep compassion—"poor creature!" O how sweetly did those two words sound to my ear! They awakened at once a thousand hopes of life, when all hope seemed extinguished. I was on the point of throwing myself at her feet, and entreating her assistance to rescue me from a bloody grave; but the deep voice of the man with the eyebrows struck upon my ear like that of the angel of death—"Tom is all ready?" "Yes." "Have you cut his throat?" "No, Bill has gone for the knife." "Come then let's carry him out." Heavens!

there was no time to be lost ! I opened my eyes ; the woman was gone ; there was no one in the room with me, but I could see the dark shadows of the men on the wall of that adjoining, and through that room, or through a window over my head, was the only way of leaving the house.

What was to be done ? to alarm them by opening the window and then to crawl through that high and narrow aperture ? It was certain death !—A thought occurred to me. I sprang up ; undid the hasp of the window, lifted the lid of the cauldron without noise, flung a log at the window that sent it flying open with a clatter which must have been heard all over the house, and jumping into the cauldron, had the lid above my head in a moment. The scheme succeeded. Half a dozen men rushed into the room with oaths and exclamations. They d——d my b——d for having so much strength left in me ;—and all but Tom rushed out of the house to follow my supposed flight in the garden. I could hear this cool shrewd villain calculating the probability of the feat I seemed to have performed ; and my heart beat thick as I heard him admit that “ it were possible.” At this moment the woman returned—her exclamations were boundless. She was certain I was dead !—it must have been my ghost that fetched my body away ! She was glad I was gone, dead or alive. She did not like such murderous doings, and would have helped me herself, if she could have done it. I thanked her from the bottom of my soul. But Tom was in no hurry to depart. “ It was just day,” he said, “ the snow on the ground, and not a bush upon the heights—that he will be taken and sawed out, is a done thing.” The kind hearted woman trusted that I should be *delivered* out of their hands ; and at the same time I heard *her rummaging* among the wood below the cauldron where

I lay. Poor creature ! she little knew what she was about ; but fear has quick ears, and I soon began to comprehend by the murmur below me, that she had lighted the fire. Confined as I was in a large copper vessel, directly over the furnace, the reverberation was prodigious ; and magnified by the increased acuteness of my senses. The flame seemed perfectly to roar and bellow below me. Still the effect was not at first unpleasant. I had the greatest hopes that Tom would go, in a few minutes, and a mass of cold water, which had nearly chilled me to death, could not in that time become warmer than an ordinary warm bath. But as my evil genius would have it—(I almost cursed the whole sex,—notwithstanding this villain's infamous character, and the proof he had given of deserving it,) the woman was in love with him ! and there she held him to whimper and complain about some handkerchief he had given another girl, whilst I was boiling with apprehension and the heat of the water. The first sensation of pain was in my left foot. I had lost the shoe of this foot, in being conveyed to the house ; and the hot copper was intolerable to my toes ; I crossed the left leg over the right, and for a minute or two, all was well. "Tom," said the girl, "you are a villain !" I agreed with her, but my back touched the cauldron, and the heat began to get unbearable. I could hear no more of her complaints. I had enough to attend to at home. I shrunk up into half my natural dimensions, and stood on the right toe, with my fingers over the edge—the lid removed a little. "What the devil noise was that," said Tom. "Only the steam lifting the cover. You will hear any thing but what I say," replied the girl, and added, "will nothing warm you?" O G—d ! thought I, I wish he was in the kettle ! But now my feelings became past bearing. The steam stifled me ; the

burning copper pierced me to the soul. The hot bubbles were rising even within my clothes,—one moment more and Tom's knife would be a mercy!—Yes! one minute and no longer could I submit to this agony.—But that one minute seemed an hour. The fire roared as if afraid I should escape from it. The boiling steam eddied round my head, and penetrated into my ears, my mouth, my nose, causing me inconceivable agony. The eye-lids I found are extremely sensible, and the very humors of my eyes seemed boiling beneath them. “Good night,” I could have heard no other word! “Good night.” Merciful Heaven! but one moment more—“He's gone?” No! it is the creaking of the door! or was it this d——d simmering? At last!—at last! the water ceased to burn me. My feelings were too much excited to feel it.—When, as I lifted the lid, I heard the door open—and “O Sukey, I forgot”—I heard no more. I sank back into my now boiling kettle; and the horrid villain who had perceived the lifting of the lid—jumped instantly upon the top of it, and struck his heels with pleasure against the furnace as he comprehended my fate.

Further, Messrs. Editors, I can scarcely inform you. I recollect something of being dragged out of the kettle, but my first distinct perceptions found me in the bed where I now am, bandaged from head to foot, and with a surgeon feeling my pulse. He is very particular with respect to persons speaking to me, and says I have yet some fever, though I shall probably do well.

P. S. 12 o'clock. I have opened my letter to say that in conversing with my attendants just now, they would willingly persuade me that I received a blow in the head when *the stage* was upset, and have been in a brain fever ever *since*. The scuffle in the stage they say I must have dreamt;

and even that leering rascal at the Inn, they assert, was merely asking the driver to take another glass of liquor.— You see they are evidently afraid to acknowledge the horrid acts that occurred, for fear of alarming me.

Four o'clock in the morning. As my money and watch are safe, I think I *must* have dreamed of the scuffle, but of a *boiling* I am certain, though fifteen days have elapsed since that strange disaster.

P. Z,

Virginia Museum.

STATE PRISON MELODIES.

THE TREADMILL SONG.

The stars are rolling in the sky,
 The earth rolls on below,
 And we can feel the rattling wheel
 Revolving as we go.
 Then tread away my gallant boys,
 And make the axle fly ;
 Why should'nt wheels go round about,
 Like planets in the sky ?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
 And stir your solid pegs ;
 Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
 And shake your spider legs ;
 What though you're awkward at the trade,
 There's time enough to learn,—
 So lean upon the rail, my lad,
 And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall,
 To keep the vulgar out ;
 We've nothing in the world to do,
 But just to walk about ;

So go it now, you middle men,
 And try to beat the ends,—
 It's pleasant work to ramble round
 Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
 He sha'nt be lazy here,—
 And punch the little fellow's ribs,
 And tweak that lubber's ear—
 He's lost them both—don't pull his hair,
 Because he wears a scratch,
 But poke him in the further eye,
 That is'nt in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper bell,
 And so our work is done ;
 It's pretty sport—suppose we take
 A round or two for fun—
 If ever they should turn me out,
 When I have better grown,
 Now hang me, but I mean to have
 A treadmill of my own.—*Boston Amateur.*

THE PARISIAN SIBYL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Whence comes it that man has such a desire to interrogate the future, such an idle anxiety to divine the veiled secrets of fortune. In every nation I discover traces of this imprudent curiosity. The Jews had their witches, the Greeks their sibyls, the Persians their magi, the Spaniards their gipsies ; the Romans had their augurs, whose oracles they respected ; the French have had their sorcerers, whom they frequently finished, by burning them with great ceremony.

In former days the business of sorcery was not exercised in France with impunity, and those who were given to shuffling fortunes from cards, answered for it too often with their lives. Our good ancestors were in the habit of burning without scruple all who were guilty of witch-craft; and my good ladies Villeneuve, Michel, and Le Normand, now in full career, if they had been born a century earlier, would infallibly have ended their days at the stake. But chiromancy, cartomancy and necromancy are at present fashionable sciences, and lucrative branches of trade; and sorcery, instead of leading to a funeral pile, conducts to fortune. All Paris have in succession paid their respects to the cards of Lady Villeneuve, the whites-of-eggs of Madame Michel, and the black hen of Mademoiselle Le Normand. Each of these practisers has been celebrated in her turn; but a young sorceress is now before the public who promises to surpass them all.

The temple of this new sibyl is in one of the most frequented quarters of Paris. In the morning it is open to the beauty, tender and timid, but who confides in the turn of a card; to the greedy speculator, who would know what success attends his enterprises; to the modest and innocent girl who is anxious to discover whom she should fall in love with; to the unquiet husband whose dreams are disturbed by an ugly major of dragoons, in big boots, and wearing monstrous moustachios; to the gamester who would win back at whist, what he has lost at faro. The numerous equipages ranged before the entrance, indicate the rank of the visitors.

I had heard the oracles of this modern pythoness frequently cited with great praise. Some ladies spoke to me in high terms of the vivacity of her mind, the delicacy of her

questions, and especially of the promptness with which she divined what they dared not tell to her. Gentlemen had described in raptures the sweetness of her features, the elegance of her manners, and assured me that she was a most exquisite creature. These eulogies excited my curiosity; and I determined to ascertain for myself the merits and beauties of this celebrated personage.

The clock had just struck eight as I presented myself at the door of her hotel. On declaring the object of my visit, I was ushered into a little saloon furnished with the greatest simplicity, with nothing to indicate the profession of its occupant. This was a young lady about twenty-five years of age, tall, well made, expressing herself with grace, very agreeable and various in her conversation. There was something a little malicious in her glance, and sardonic in her smile, and she jested freely upon the inconveniences of her art, and attempted to convince me of its excellence. I saw that she was not herself very well persuaded of the truth she wished to impress upon me; and I thought that of all who came into her house, the young sibyl herself had the least faith in the infallibility of her oracles.

After having conversed with me a few moments, she ascended the sacred tripod: already the prophetic spirit had begun to move the delicate fibres of her brain, when a light hand rapped three times at the door of our apartment and uttered in a troubled voice—"Open; it is I." My pretty prophetess was evidently embarrassed, and I was preparing to take my leave. She prevented me. "You have the air of a gallant gentleman," she at length said to me, smiling. I bowed assent. "I am sure of it," she added; "go into *this cabinet*." She pushed me gently into the cabinet, shut the door upon me, and prevent all accidents ~~was~~

the key with her. I consoled my captivity by making immediate use of a crevice, through which I could see every thing that was going on in the saloon.

The lady who entered was younger and more beautiful than the sibyl. Her face was a picture of innocence and candour. "At length," said she laughing, "I have succeeded. Madame de Bassac, after having managed to inflame the jealousy of my husband, has prevailed upon him to pay a visit to you; he will be here in a minute and do not forget our agreement." The sound of a bell put an end to the conversation; the young visiter disappeared, and her friend prepared to receive De Julien.

He enters, looks about the room with nonchalance, and the better to decide upon the powers of the magician, observes that her art must reveal to her the object of his present visit. "Do you doubt it?" said the sibyl, in an offended tone; "give yourself then the trouble to be seated; and condescend to listen to me." He took a chair. She collected herself, and arranged the cards upon the table, by way of prelude to the following dialogue.

"You are married, sir; sixteen or seventeen months ago you espoused a young lady of about half your age."

"What, madam?"

"Who has given you a thousand proofs of affection, and yet you continue to suspect her."

"I confess it," said he in utter amazement.

"Queen of Diamonds—these suspicions you have imbibed from a female friend of your wife."

"I admit the fact."

"Seven of Spades—she has carried her effrontery so far as to advise you to apply to me."

"Astonishing!"

She takes up the cards, and hands them, to De Julien, who cuts them, while the sibyl continues with a gravity that nothing can disturb, "your wife is faithful."

"Do you believe so?"

"I know it : but she complains of your conduct."

"Of my conduct?"

"Your suspicions harass her."

"O no ; she is not aware of them?"

"She has discovered them ; you entertain at your house a very dangerous man."

"And who is he?"

"The King of Clubs."

"I do not know him, madam."

"A dark man ; thirty-six years old."

"It is my best friend."

"He is desirous of becoming your wife's best friend, sir."

"You amaze me ! I am thunderstruck !"

"For three months past he has been trying to induce her to accept a set of diamonds that he knows you have refused to purchase."

"It is true."

"But she declines his offers with dignity ; it is from you only that she is willing to accept any ornament that may add to her beauty."

"Poor woman !" exclaimed the relenting husband.

Here our sibyl again took up the cards, and divided them into three parcels, which she thus explained.

"You blush at the suspicions you have entertained."

"Because you assure me of the honour of my wife."

"She dreams of nothing but your pleasure ; at this very moment she is engaged in some scheme to advance your happiness. But, what do I do see ! Eight of Clubs, and

Nine of Hearts !”

“ Is this bad fortune ?”

“ Quite the contrary ; you are thinking of a present for your lady.”

“ O ! a present !”

“ The set of diamonds.”

“ Indeed, indeed—”

“ In order that having no wish ungratified, she may be exposed to no temptation.”

“ But these jewels are very dear.”

“ Ah ! sir, can you too generously reward the virtue of a woman who adores you ?”

“ My wife adores me !”

“ Eight of Hearts and Ace of Spades. Madame De Julien loves no one but her husband !”

At these words, which proved the extent of the young magician’s science, De Julien rose from his seat in transports ; he cast upon the table a purse of indefinite weight, and ran to the jeweller to purchase the happy talisman which was to restore felicity to his household. Good fortune all that day followed his footsteps ; the jeweller in an excess of good humour, made him a considerable discount, and the virtue of my lady cost much less than he anticipated.

As soon as her husband was gone, Madame De Julien reappeared from her hiding place, and embraced her friend with every expression of kindness and tender gratitude.— But they immediately separated, for it was necessary that the young wife should return home to receive her spouse and her diamonds.

The sibyl liberated me, and prevented every manner of reproach on my part, by laughing herself, with a very pretty

grace, at the scene of which she had made me a witness. "I will not propose to you now," said she, "to cast your horoscope; what you have just seen and heard, forbids the degree of confidence that is required in those who come to consult me: but I would ask you not to judge my conduct with too much severity. Men are but grown up children who pay to be deceived; and the error which flatters, is better than the truth which afflicts them. Instead of tearing away the veil that conceals the faults of De Julien's spouse, I darken them more deeply, and take the same care to render his future days happy, that another would take to make them miserable. Shall I predict to the opulent banker who astonishes all Paris with his magnificence, that he will one day envy the lot of the wretch he now repulses with disdain? Shall I say to the father exulting in the birth of a son, this child will cover your old age with shame and bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Shall I tell Florio the flirtations of Lisette, and Lisette the infidelity of Florio? No! were I to do so, I should soon destroy my own credit, and see nothing more of this multitude of visitors who now crowd about my house to receive the approbation of their follies and the confirmation of their hopes. I have taken a surer path. I tickle the folly of every one of them. Without compromising my character, I give good fortune to the whole world. They go away from my house, quiet in heart and mind, and promise themselves to pay another visit to the little sorceress who makes them so very happy at such a trifling expense."—*Amateur.*

THE TWO SHADOWS.

It was an evening calm and fair
As ever drank the dews of June ;
The living earth, the breathless air
Slept by the shining moon.

There was a rudely woven seat
That lay beneath a garden wall,—
I heard two voices low and sweet,
I saw two shadows fall.

Two shadows—side by side they were,
With but a line of light between ;
If shapes more real lingered there,
Those shapes were all unseen.

The voice which seemed of deepest tone
Breathed something which I scarcely heard ;
And there was silence, save alone
One faintly whispered word.

And then the longer shadow drew
Nearer and nearer, till it came
So close, that one might think the two
Were melting to the same.

I heard a sound that lovers know—
A sound from lips that do not speak ;
But oh it leaves a deeper glow !
Than words upon the cheek

Dear maiden, hast thou ever known
That sound which sets the soul on fire ?
And is it not the sweetest tone
Wrung from earth's shattered lyre ?

Alas ! upon my boyish brow,
Fair lips have often more than smiled ;
But there is none to press it now,
I am no more a child.

Long, long the blended shadows lay
As they were in a viewless fold ;

And will they never break away,
So loving, yet so cold !

They say that spirits walk the vale,
But that I do not truly know—

I wonder when I told the tale,
Why Fanny crimsoned so !—*Amateur.*

THE MAGIC ROCK.

The glory of old Spain has not yet departed. A thousand associations of green and undecayed beauty still twine around the relics of her fallen grandeur, and every cloud-wrapt mountain and vine-nursing valley is enriched with oft-repeated legends of the olden time. The traveller, in the region of Cordova, when, wayworn and wearied, he turns aside into the cottage of a *pobre aldeano*, is hospitably entertained, not only with an abundance of good cheer, but, if he be favorably disposed, with stories about accidents and disasters, terrible thunder-claps and super-natural visitations. It is also not unfrequent to hear some of these story-tellers, with that love of the strange and wonderful for which the Spanish people are so remarkable, relate certain auto-adventures, which, while they stagger belief, cause the warm blood to recoil, and the current of feeling to rush back upon the heart and stagnate, coldly and heavily, there.

I have a pleasant friend who has journeyed through the mountainous region of Cordova, and he has often lightened for me the burthen of a sombre evening by his vivid descriptions of the wild and picturesque scenery, which lay every where spread before his path, and by his glowing recitals of the legendary tales which flow like fountains from the lips of the Spanish peasant.

There occurred one day a severe thunder-storm, among the mountains. Near the close of a sultry afternoon, an enormous black cloud rose slowly from the verge of the horizon, and gradually unrolled its immense volumes over the western sky. Only a few rays of sunlight, struggled through the gloom of the tempest, and it seemed as if the firmament were about to be rent asunder like a scroll. There had been no rain for several days, and though thunder-showers were the frequent precursors of the setting sun, yet the heavens had long worn the silvery veil of a summer mist, and no sound of the elements had been heard louder than the whisper of a gentle breeze. Storms, whose coming we should have regarded with terror, are gazed upon by the Spanish peasant with little apprehension, but when this immense cloud rolled upward, so fearfully dark, every eye quailed, and every form trembled, and men looked one upon another, as if expecting to hear, with the first crash of the thunder, the shrill blast of the arch-angel's trumpet.

The trees upon the mountains were dry and withered,—yet no drop fell! The sultriness was insupportable. The slightest shrub stood motionless; and the tall cedars lifted up their noble forms, unmoved and majestic, like proud victims awaiting the sentence of their destruction. Suddenly the lightning leaped gloriously from the firmament, and the dark cloud seemed a heaving mass of fire. A moment—and the live thunder burst from its prison house, and the echoes among the mountains sent it back, in a continuous roar, like the voices of a thousand unchained lions. Another burst succeeded, and another—yet no rain fell. One more—and a noise was heard, like the crash of an unsphered planet. A huge mass of rock was hurled from the side of a mountain into the ravine below. Then the flood rushed from “the windows of Heaven,” and the wa

ters poured unremittingly down for the space of half an hour, accompanied with the gleams of the lightning and the constant reverberations of the thunder.

In ten minutes more—"the sky seemed never to have borne a cloud," and softly flowed in the beautiful drapery of its Eden hours. And upon those wild, gray rocks, which so lately seemed "altars buring with fire," the richest incense of Heaven descended. The cool breeze sprang up delightfully, and wafted a delicious fragrance, sweet as that which lingers amid

"The flowery gardens of enchanted Gul."

The morning subsequent to this storm, news came to the village where my friend had remained during the night, that a huge fragment of rock, celebrated among the peasantry by the name of "The Magic Rock," had been thrown down by a thunderbolt. My friend (unlike our own travelling countrymen, who convert their pleasure into toil, and hurry onward, turning neither to the right hand or to the left, as if fiends were pursuing them) hesitated not to delay his journey, for a season, if such delay gratified his curiosity with the sight of any extraordinary *lusus*, or wonderful passage in the great book of Nature.

"If the Señor," said Pedro de Ceballo, an old man, with silvery hairs, who was my friend's host, "if the Señor would like to go and see the work of the storm, and will take an old man for his guide, I shall be well pleased to lead the way,—for I am told the Magic Rock has been torn down."

"Well, make ready, good host," said my friend, "and suffer this little curly-headed grandson to procure from my baggage, some bottles of Tintilla, for a walk of two hours on his warm day, will doubtless make them acceptable."

The mountain was at the distance of about five miles ; and after making the necessary preparations, the trio set forth—the old man and his grandson leading the way and carrying the wine in a basket, and my friend following with a fowling piece over his shoulder.

On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they halted to rest awhile, and to gaze on the effects of the last night's storm. In the bed of a torrent, which rushed along beneath their feet, lay the shattered masses of the fallen rock, and the torn and ragged appearance of the mountain's side, displayed the path of the destructive fluid. The smaller rocks were gashed and blackened,—and the tall trees of larch and cedar were thrown from their lofty heights and lay scattered around, stripped of their foliage, and blasted and scorched with fire.

“ 'Twas a fearful storm !” exclaimed the old man, with a visible shudder.

“ Does the remembrance of it make you tremble then, good host ?” asked my friend.

“ Indeed Señor, yes. Five years ago, there was a tempest like last night's, and from that time till now, no storm has been heard half so terrible ;—and, Señor, in that dreadful night, this boy's father, my son, was standing on the rock which now lays beneath our feet, torn from the wide gap yonder, up the mountain.”

“ How was it possible ?” exclaimed my friend, in a tone of evident surprise.

“ It was truly so,” replied Pedro, “ and it was an awful thing for human feet to approach that rock after the shadows of night had fallen ; for horrible tales are told about it—and it is said a magician dwelt near it, and cursed it with his magic—and none of our peasants dared even to touch it. *How does the hand of Providence overthrow every wick-*

ed thing! Heaven be praised! If the Señor will honor my poor house till to-morrow, he shall hear what befel my son when he stood upon that rock, in the night of that fearful storm."

"I will gladly wait and hear your story," replied my friend, "for I shall not willingly leave such game as I see rustling among the bushes yonder." And the report of the fowling-piece echoed among the hills.

After a successful hunt of three hours, Pedro de Ceballo thought it expedient to broach the Tintilla. My friend was content with one bottle, while Pedro consumed the other three. They then replenished the basket with the excellent mountain game, (pheasants, *rari aves in terra* among us, but abounding in Cordova, though not the less prized on that account,) and proceeded on their return homeward—my friend being particularly careful to pocket, as a memento, a bit of the "Magic Rock."

"We shall have a dinner fit for a prince, Señor," said Pedro de Ceballo, as they set out, "with the birds you have killed, and the Tintilla you have brought!" And Pedro said nothing more on the way, doubtless employed with delightful reflections on the delicacies of the forthcoming dinner;—for he was totally undisturbed by the occasional crack of the fowling-piece, and the consequent absence of the little boy, in pursuit of the fallen victim.

Before my friend's departure, he was regaled with a recital of the following adventure, which we shall take the liberty to relate in our own way.

Mariano de Ceballo, the son of Pedro de Ceballo, my friend's host, was, at the age of twenty, a wild youth, who *could never brook* opposition, and therefore, *contrary to the wishes of his father*, he fell in love with a beautiful girl, *whose station in life was inferior to his own*. He had tw

motives for doing this—the first was, that he delighted in thwarting “the old gentleman,” who had betrothed him some sixteen years before to his neighbour’s daughter, and the second was, that he delighted above all earthly blessings in Doloris d’Allende—in taking stolen walks with her, in writing verses to her, and in standing under her window with his guitar, and singing her to sleep of a moonlight night.

One delicious evening as Mariano was strolling with Doloris, he said softly to her, “Dear Doloris, I love you better than life!”

“Well Mariano,” replied the sweet maiden, “is that any thing strange? and I love *you* with my whole soul,”—and she turned up her full, dark, swimming eyes, and gazed into his. Oh, that gaze! that look of unutterable affection! when the soul’s music is beaming from the eye, to call forth an answering tone—and two blended hearts melt in a delirium of transport and joy!

“And, Doloris,” continued her lover, “how beautiful you are! you are more lovely than yonder star, which is lone and apart in the firmament.”

“You have told me so a thousand times, dear Mariano, and every girl says you are the handsomest fellow in the province.”

“Lovely Doloris, will you marry me?”

“Certainly; tell your father I am ready, any day.”

“Alas! dearest, he will never consent; he has betrothed me to another.”

“Oh dear!” cried the affectionate girl, and she burst into tears at the thought of such an unexpected barrier to her happiness. “What shall we do, Mariano?”

“*My best love, we must run away.*”

“*Run away! oh well—very well—we will run away*”

then ; but when shall we go—whither shall we run ?”

“To-morrow night, sweetest. I will come for you at this hour—be prepared !”

“ Oh yes—certainly I will—good night ! dear Mariano !”

“ Good night, my blessing !”

And he printed a kiss on her pretty lips, (pray do not be shocked, ladies, you know, they were engaged,) and they parted. Run away matches are got up with a wonderful facility in Spain ;—you have only to escape to the house of some priest, three miles distant, and the business is ended.

Never did hours pass so sluggishly to Mariano de Ceballo and Doloris d’Allende, as those whose sands were running slowly out before the appointed time of their departure. The joyful period at length arrived—but, sorrowful to tell, the heavens gave sad presage of an approaching storm. The clouds lay along the sky, in darkened volumes, and the sun sank down among them with a lurid blaze. Yet did the lovers prefer to brave the anger of the tempest, than to endure the agony of a longer suspense.

Mariano had provided two proved and trusty steeds, and as he was familiarly acquainted with every mountain defile which it was necessary for them to traverse, they set out under no great apprehension of danger from the storm, that every moment grew blacker and blacker before them. But away they bounded, and thoughts of fear were banished by the syren spells of Hope and Joy and Love.

They soon came in safety to the base of a lofty mountain, which they proposed to pass over for the double purpose of avoiding pursuit on the morrow, and of arriving quicker at the residence of the *padre*, who was to bind them together in bands that Earth may not sunder. They had ascended half way up the mountain, when the storm, whose nearer approach, Mariano had for some time been regard-

ing with emotions he dared not communicate to his companion, burst with unrestrained fury upon their heads.— Their horses, though accustomed to travel through severe tempests, became restive and frightened at the incessant flashes of lightning and continued bursts of the thunder. At last, a tall tree, a short distance from them, was shivered to atoms.

Mariano, on perceiving that their steeds would soon become unmanageable, assisted Doloris to alight, and released the foaming animals, who very deliberately turned round and ran furiously down the mountain, in the direction of their own comfortable dwellings.

“ Alas ! dear Mariano, what will become of the beautiful ribbons you gave me ! and my new embroidered petticoat, too, *that* will be totally ruined ! ” exclaimed Doloris in an agony of grief. Oh woman ! woman ! thy vanity is coeval with thy fortitude. Thou art like the cypress-tree, which sways unbroken to the storm, and seems only to regret that it cannot behold its graceful figure in the perturbed streamlet gliding beneath its feet !

The first care of the lovers was to find shelter from the rain, which now began to pour down in torrents. It was almost certain death for them to remain among the trees, numbers of which were constantly falling beneath the lifted arm of the tempest—and, guided by the broad glare of the lightning, they attained shelter in the wide cleft of a protruding rock. Here they remained perched, like twin eagles, till the storm rolled away and Night walked forth, majestic and serene, robed in silvery lustre, with the crescent upon her brow and heralded by all

“ her gorgeous blazonry of stars ! ”

“ *I will descend first, dear Doloris,* ” said Mariano, “ *and then assist you to come down :* ”—but Mariano could not do

scend ! He attempted to raise his feet—but in vain. There he stood, fastened !—yet his hands were free—his body was free—but his feet he could not stir. He gazed around him with astonishment ; but imagine his horror when he found that he was standing on “ the Magic Rock.” He expected every moment to see some terrible vision rise before him. He told Doloris that he was bewitched—that Heaven had inflicted its punishment upon him, because he had deserted his old father and had stolen money from him to provide for their flight. He counted his rosary—he signed the cross—he repeated the *Ave Maria*, the *Pater Noster* and all the Latin prayers he had ever learned from his boyhood—but to no purpose.

What increased his terror was, that Doloris descended with perfect ease, while he could not move an inch. At last, emboldened by the sight of his beloved, and encouraged by her entreaties, he made one more desperate attempt to extricate himself from the rock. The strife was effectual.—He gave one mighty spring, and fell headlong, fifteen feet upon the green sward at the feet of Doloris—sustaining no injury save the loss of his boots, which still remained standing on the fatal spot !

“ My own dear Doloris,” said Mariano, when he had recovered from his trance of fear, “ let us return home. I will go to my father and beg his forgiveness.” The disconsolate youth was confirmed in this praise-worthy resolution, by the reflection that they had no means of proceeding further. The horses were gone, and with them the baggage. Their flight would soon be discovered at any rate,—and, moreover, he did not relish the idea of walking barefoot over the mountain road,—for there stood his boots as firmly as if they had become a part of the rock itself.

The pair (of lovers, not of boots,)—forthwith descended

the mountain and plodded their uneasy way back to their native dwelling. Doloris had read in Novels, how naughty lovers always threw themselves at their fathers' feet—and she suggested the expediency of doing so at the present juncture. Mariano acceded to this,—and they arrived at their father's house, just as the old man was in the midst of a violent burst of sorrow on learning that his son had eloped, and that his horses had returned without a rider, during the storm.

Pedro de Ceballo, heaving a deep sigh of resignation, raised his eyes to Heaven, and beheld—his lost son with Doloris d'Allende hanging tenderly on his arm. This vision threw the old man into an uncontrollable fit of passion.

“You reprobate scoundrel!” roared he, “why did you steal my money and run away with your sweetheart?” The lovers then threw themselves (*à la Radcliffe*) at the feet of the enraged sire.

“Forgive us, dear father,” said the repentant son, “your money is safe—I will never do the like again—and you would not punish me, if you knew how I had expiated my crime.”

“Forgive you!” exclaimed the old man—his anger beginning to cool as he recollected his former grief, “to be sure I will forgive you,—and you shall marry Doloris—kiss me, my daughter—you scoundrel—that you shall; for know to your sorrow, that your betrothed eloped this morning—to be revenged on you doubtless—with a young *caballero* who has been two days in the village!”

What love-stricken maiden does not anticipate the catastrophe of our tale?

The story was told my friend by Mariano himself—while Pedro de Ceballo, Doloris, still beautiful in matronly garb,

the little curly headed boy (he employed himself in rocking a cradle) and two sweet girls, were attentive listeners.

When Mariano had concluded, the old man put in this moral for the benefit of my friend and his grandson. "This event teaches us in what inscrutable ways those who do wrong are punished; and likewise serves as a warning to young men never to run away with their sweethearts, without first informing their fathers."

Meanwhile my friend being curious to see a specimen of this wonderful rock, drew forth the small fragment which he had brought—and found adhering thereunto, the blade of his penknife and certain bits of iron, that were contained in the same pocket. The truth burst upon him, like an electric shock,—and he roared forth in a prodigious laugh, in the midst of his good host's moral; and it was with the greatest difficulty he could restrain his mirth, when he saw that the good people were getting angry—not being able to divine the cause of such repeated cachinnatory explosions.

It is the custom in Cordova for the young men, like our own race of dandies, to wear iron heels to their boots, as well as a thin rim of the same metal extending round the soles. Our hero, on that memorable night, was invested with pedestrian ornaments of this description, and, dearly beloved reader, "the Magic Rock," whereon he stood enchained like Andromeda, possessed strong magnetic attraction, being, as *mon ami* was afterwards creditably informed by a celebrated mineralogist and a very Munchausen at travelling, neither more or less, than solid, *bona fide* loadstone!—*Amateur*.

THE ROASTED SOVEREIGN

Come, all ye gallant gentlemen, who live by being witty,
Who dandyize in Bond-street, or lounge it in the City ;
Who're sure to gain a livelihood while man can live by lying,
Come, hear the famous history of a Spanish monarch's frying.

A famous warrior once there was of potentates the paragon ;
His holy law was etiquette, his kingdom it was Arragon.
Some twenty wives this monarch had, whom in his cups he toasted,
And next to ruby lips, the Don loved Spanish chesnuts roasted.

One evening all his courtiers stood around him sleek and musky,
Says he, " I 'm tired of state affairs, and drinking makes me husky,
I 'm sick of talking gallantry, my women lately snub me,
Nay, I 'm not sure my best-belov'd some fine day may not drub me.

" So as I 'm sick of Parliment, both lower house and upper,
I think, my lords, my royal will is now to have some supper.
My father died of mushrooms, and my grandfather of mutton,
But chesnuts are no poison'd dish, so let the nuts be put on."

The nuts were brought upon the spot, the Monarch's chair was set
Before the grate, in Spanish state, 'twas all by etiquette ;
But while his gaze upon the blaze was gravely ruminating,
Out stole Whitewand, Goldstick, Blackrod, and all the lords in
waiting.

The fire grew hot, the Monarch thought, " the rascals mean to
sweat me

I'll move my chair, and get some air ; no ! etiquette won't let me.
" Lord Chamberlain, come back," he roars, " this devilish blaze will
melt me.

The chesnuts, rebel-scoundrels too, have just begun to pelt me."

The King thus bored still danced and roared, the fire kept on blaz-
ing,

At every puff that scorch'd his buff, his voice more loudly raising

The flame scorched soon, coat, pantaloons, the blaze soon shaved
his beard off;

But still, to move his chair himself—the thing was never heard of

The chesnuts did their duty well, the King was cannonaded,
But not a lord before the blaze his noble face paraded.

The King was cooking, and if *cook'd*, yet etiquette ne'er hinders
A king in Spain to roast himself, whene'er he will, to cinders.

But while their monarch roasting sat, the high and mighty lords
Were all too busy tying on their bag-wigs and their swords;
Till deck'd in every star and string of which their office boasted,
They all march'd in to see how look'd a Spanish Sovereign roasted.

First came my Lord High Chancellor, a very hook-nosed justice,
With whom the conscience of the King by Spanish law in trust is;
A peacock in his stride, his brains, his vanity, and train,
He march'd to give his grave advice, and then—march'd out again.

Then came my Lord the President, with chalkstones in his toes,
Then Privy Seal with all his blush concentrated in his nose,
Then Lord Field Marshal Fuggleston, an orator and fighter,
Whose breath was sulphur, and his eye a two ounce ball of nitre.

They found the King of Arragon still sitting by the fire,
He neither bade his lords advance, nor bade his lords retire.
The chesnuts and the King were *done*! Their speeches were in
vain:

They ate the nuts, they left the skins, and then—march'd out
again.

A Yankee Judge and a Kentucky Lawyer. Few persons in this part of the country are aware of the difference that exists between our manners and customs, and those of the people of the Western States. Their elections, their courts of justice, present scenes that would strike us with astonishment and alarm. If the jurors are not, as has been asserted, run down with dogs and guns, color is given to charges like this, by the repeated successful defiance of law

and judges that occur, by the want of dignity and self respect evinced by the judges themselves, and by the squabbles and brawls that take place between members of the bar. There is to be found occasionally there, however, a judge of decision and firmness to compel decorum even among the most turbulent spirits, or at least to punish summarily, all violations of law and propriety. The following circumstances which occurred in Kentucky were related to us by a gentleman who was an eye witness of the whole transaction.

Several years since, Judge R, a native of Connecticut, was holding a court at Danville. A cause of considerable importance came on, and a Mr. D. then a lawyer of considerable eminence, and afterwards a member of Congress, who resided in a distant part of the State, was present to give it his personal supervision. In the course of Mr. D's argument, he let fall some profane language, for which he was promptly checked and reprimanded by the Judge. Mr. D. accustomed to unrestrained license of tongue, retorted with great asperity, and much harshness of language.

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, coolly, "put down twenty dollars fine to Mr. D."

"By G—" said Mr. D. "I'll never pay a cent of it under heaven, and I'll swear as much as I please."

"Put down another fine of twenty dollars, Mr. Clerk."

"I'll see the devil have your whole generation," rejoined Mr. D. "before my pockets shall be picked by a cursed Yankee interloper."

"Another twenty dollar fine, Mr. Clerk."

"You may put on as many fines as you please, Mr. Judge, but by G— there's a difference between imposing and collecting, I reckon."

"Twenty dollars more, Mr. Clerk."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. D. with some bitterness, "you are trifling with me, I see, Sir, but I can tell you I understand no such joking; and by G— Sir, you will do well to make an end of it."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge with great composure, "add twenty dollars more to the fine, and hand the account to the Sheriff. Mr. D. the money must be paid immediately, or I shall commit you to prison."

The violence of the lawyer compelled the Judge to add another fine; and before night, the obstreperous barrister was swearing with all his might to the bare walls of the county jail. The session of the Court was terminated, and the lawyer seeing no prospect of escape through the mercy of the Judge, after a fortnight's residence in prison, paid his fine of a hundred and twenty dollars, and was released.

He now breathed nothing but vengeance.

"I'll teach the Yankee scoundrel," said he, "that a member of the Kentucky bar is not to be treated in this manner with impunity."

The judge held his next court at Frankfort, and thither Mr. D. repaired to take revenge for the personal indignity he had suffered. Judge R. is as remarkable for resolute fearlessness as for talents, firmness, and integrity, and after having provided himself with defensive weapons, entered upon the discharge of his duties with the most philosophic indifference. On passing from his hotel to the court house, the judge noticed that a man of great size, and evidently of tremendous muscular strength, followed him so closely as to allow no one to step between. He observed also that Mr. D. supported by three or four friends, followed hard *upon the heels* of the stranger, and on entering the court room, *posted himself* as near the seat of the judge as possible, the

stranger meantime taking care to interpose his huge body between the lawyer and the judge. For two or three days, matters went on in this way ; the stranger sticking like a burr to the judge, and the lawyer and his assistants keeping as near as possible but refraining from violence. At length, the curiosity of Judge R. to learn something respecting the purposes of the modern Hercules became irrepressible, and he invited him to his room, and inquired who he was, and what object he had in view in watching his movements thus pertinaciously.

"Why you see," said the stranger ejecting a quid of tobacco that might have freighted a small skiff, "I'm a ring-tail'd roarer from Big Sandy River, I can outrun, outjump, and outfight any man in Kentucky. They telled me in Danville, that this 'ere lawyer was comin down to give you a lickin. Now I had'nt nothin agin that, only he wa'nt a go- ing to give you fair play, so I come here to see you out, and now if you'll only say the word, we can flog him and his mates in the twinkling of a quart pot."

Mr. D. soon learned the feeling with which the champion regarded him, and withdrew without attempting to execute his threats of vengeance upon the Judge.—*New-Haven Palladium*.

A Great Man's Patronage. The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for want of money—would to heaven that the want were confined to the prince of Conti! People refused any longer to trust him. His coachman came to his high-ness one morning.

"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn!"

"Give them hay and corn, then!" said the prince.

"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn chandlers refuse to supply me any more till their accounts are discharged."

"Ah! that alters the matter," quoth the prince, very gravely.

"But, your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have!—call the steward."

The steward appears.

"So, the corn chandler and farmer refuse us credit—the rascals—do they?" said the prince.

"Yes, my lord."

"Humph! Who *does* give us credit?"

"No one, your highness."

"No one!"

"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pastry cook does."

"Honest fellow, we must encourage him!" cries the prince. "Coachman, your affair is settled—*give the horses cheesecakes and custards!*"

ON AN OLD BEAU.

When this world of ours was new
Sir Cupid was a rosy Boy,—
Then, if the poets tell us true,
'Twas dangerous with the rogue to toy.

But time has changed since Homer sung
And Cupid now is old and gray—
The quiver at his back that hung,
Hath not an arrow left, they say.

And so quite innocent, the rogue,
Roams like a eunuch in the Harem—
And with the girls is all the vogue,
Because, forsooth, he cannot scare 'em.—Galaxy

Davy Jones and the Yankee Privateer. We had refitted, and been four days at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica, when the gun-room officers gave our mess a blow-out.

The increased motion and rushing of the vessel through the water, the groaning of the masts, the howling of the rising gale, and the frequent trampling of the watch on deck, were prophetic of wet jackets to some of us: still, mid-hipmanlike, we were as happy as a good dinner and some wine could make us, until the old gunner shoved his weatherbeaten phiz and bald pate in at the door. "Beg pardon, Mr. Splinter, but if you will spare Mr. Cringle on the forecastle for an hour until the moon rises"—("Spare," quotha, "is his majesty's officer a joint stool?")—"Why, Mr. Kennedy, why? here, man, take a glass of grog."—"I thank you, sir. It is coming on a roughish night, sir; the running ships should be crossing us hereabouts; indeed, more than once I thought there was a strange sail close aboard of us, the scud is flying so low, and in such white flakes; and none of us have an eye like Mr. Cringle, unless it be John Crow, and he is all but frozen." "Well, Tom, I suppose you *will* go"—Anglice, from a first Lieutenant to a mid—

"Brush instanter."

Having changed my uniform, for shag-trowsers, pea-jacket, and south-west cap, I went forward, and took my station, in no pleasant humour, on the stowed jib, with my arm round the stay. I had been half an hour there, the weather was getting worse, the rain was beating in my face, and the spray from the stern was flashing over me, as it roared through the waste of sparkling and hissing waters. I turned my back to the weather for a moment, to press my hand on my strained eyes. When I opened, them, I saw

the gunners's gaunt high-featured visage thrust anxiously forward; his profile looked as if rubbed over with Phosphorus, and his whole person as if we had been playing at snap dragon. "What has come over you, Mr. Kennedy?—who is burning the blue light now?"—"A wiser man than I am must tell you that; look forward, Mr. Cringle—look there; what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw, at the extreme end of the jib-boom, what I had read of, certainly, but never expected to see, a pale, greenish, glow-worm coloured flame, of the size and shape of the frosted glass shade over the swinging lamp in the gun-room. It drew out and flattened as the vessel pitched and rose again, and as she sheered about, it wavered round the point that seemed to attract it, like a soapsud bubble blown from a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into the air; at the core it was comparatively bright, but faded into a halo. It shed a baleful and ominous light on the surrounding objects; the group of sailors on the fore-castle looked like spectres, and they shrunk together, and whispered when it began to roll slowly along the spar where the boatswain was sitting at my feet. At this instant something slid down the stay, and a cold clammy hand passed round my neck. I was within an ace of losing my hold and tumbling overboard. "Heaven have mercy on me, what's that?"—"It's that sky-larking son of a gun, Jem Sparkle's monkey, sir. You, Jem, you'll never rest till that brute is made shark's bait of." But Jackoo vanished up the stay again, chuckling and grinning in the ghastly radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit of the Lamp." The light was still there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst of vapour from a steam boiler, came down upon the gale, and flew past, when it disappeared. I followed

the white mass as it sailed down the wind ; it did not, as it appeared to me, vanish in the darkness, but seemed to remain in sight to leeward, as if checked by a sudden flaw ; yet none of our sails were taken aback. A thought flashed on me. I peered still more intensely into the night. I was now certain, "A sail, broad on the lee bow." The ship was in a buzz in a moment. The captain answered from the quarter deck—"Thank you, Mr. Cringle. How shall we steer?"—"Keep her away a couple of points, sir, steady."—"Steady," sung the man at the helm ; and a slow melancholy cadence, although a familiar sound to me, now moaned through the rushing of the wind, and smote upon my heart as if it had been the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the boatswain, who was now standing beside me—"Is that you or *Davy* steering, Mr. Nipper ? if you had not been there bodily at my elbow, I could have sworn that was your voice." When the gunner made the same remark it startled the poor fellow ; he tried to take it as a joke, but could not. "There may be a laced hammock with a shot in it, for some of us ere morning."

At this moment, to my dismay, the object we were chasing, shortened,—gradually fell abeam of us, and finally disappeared. "The Flying Dutchman."—"I can't see her at all now."—"She will be a fore-and aft-rigged vessel that has tacked, sir." And sure enough, after a few seconds, I saw the white object lengthen, and draw out again abaft our beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put the helm down, or she will go to windward of us." We tacked also, and time it was we did so, for the rising moon now showed us a large schooner under a crowd of sail. We edged down on her, when finding her manœuvre detected, she brailed up her flat sails, and bore up before the wind. This was our best

point of sailing, and we cracked on, the captain rubbing his hands—"It's my turn to be the big un this time." Although blowing a strong north-wester, it was now clear moonlight, and we hammered away from our bow guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly hulled her, from the glimmering white streaks along her counter and across her stern, occasioned by the splintering of the timber, but it seemed to produce no effect.

At length we drew well up on her quarter. She continued all black hull and white sail, not a soul to be seen on deck, except a dark object, which we took for the man at the helm. "What schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent. "Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you could pick off that chap at the wheel?" The marine jumped on the forecastle, and levelled his piece, when a musket-shot from the schooner crashed through his skull, and he fell dead. The old skipper's blood was up. "Forecastle there! Mr. Nipper, clap a canister of grape over the round shot, into the bow gun, and give it to him." "Aye, aye, sir!" gleefully rejoined the boatswain, forgetting the augury and every thing else in the excitement of the moment. In a twinkling, the square foresail—topgallant—royal—and studding-sail haulyards were let go by the run on board of the schooner, as if they had been shot away, and he put his helm hard aport as if to round to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the stern. He has *not* surrendered.—I know their game. Give him your broadside, sir, or he is off to windward of you like a shot. *No, no*, we have him now; heave to, Mr. Splinter, heave to!" We did so, and that so suddenly, that the studding-

oms snapped like pipe shanks, short off by the irons. hstanding we had shot two hundred yards to the lee-efore we could lay our maintopsail to the mast. I windward. The schooner's yards and rigging were lack with men, clustered like bees swarming, her sails were being close furled, her fore and aft sails d away she was dead to windward of us. "So for undervaluing our American friends," grumbled plinter.

made all sail in chase, blazing away to little purpose ; l no chance on a bowline, and when our "Amigo" tisfied himself of his superiority by one or two short he deliberately took a reef in his mainsail, hauled is flying jib and gaff topsail, triced up the bunt of his l, and fired his long thirty-two at us. The shot came e third aftermost port on the starboard side, and dis- ed the carronade, smashing the slide, and wounding nen. The second shot missed, and as it was mad- , remain to be peppered, probably winged, whilst eve- of ours fell short, we reluctantly kept away on our , having the gratification of hearing a clear well-blown n board the schooner play up "Yankee Doodle." brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a part- ck at her, when the third and last shot from the er struck the sill of the midship port, and made the splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks moonlight. A sharp piercing cry rose into the air— ul identified that death-shriek with the voice that I ard, and I saw the man who was standing with the d of the lock in his hand drop heavily across the , and discharge the gun in his fall. Thereupon a ed glare shot up into the cold blue sky, as if a vol-

cano had burst forth from beneath the mighty deep, followed by a roar, and a shattering crash, and a mingling of unearthly cries and groans, and a concussion of the air, and of the water, as if our whole broadside had been fired at once. Then a solitary splash here, and a dip there, and short sharp yells, and low choking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noble vessel we had seen, fell into the sea, and the last of her gallant crew vanished forever beneath that pale broad moon. *We were alone*, and once more all was dark, and wild, and stormy. Fearfully had that ball sped, fired by a dead man's hand. But what is that clings black and doubled across that fatal cannon, dripping and heavy, and choking the scuppers with clotting gore, and swaying to and fro with the motion of the vessel, like a bloody fleece? "Who is that was hit at the gun there?"—"Mr. Nipper, the boatswain sir. The last shot has cut him in two."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Chief Justice Holt. In the reign of Queen Anne, in 1704, several freemen of the borough of Aylesbury, who proved their qualifications, were refused the liberty of voting at the election of a member of parliament. The law in such cases imposes a fine of £100 for every such offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who ordered the officer to be arrested. The House of Commons, alarmed at this stay, made an order of the house to make it penal for either judge, counsel, or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice and several lawyers were hardy enough to oppose *his order*, and brought it on in the court of king's bench. *The house*, highly irritated at this contempt of their order,

a sergeant at arms for the judge to appear before them; that resolute defender of the laws bade him, with a tone of authority, "begone;" at which they sent a second message by the speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the speaker had delivered his message, his lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within this five minutes, or you may depend on it I send you to Newgate. You may speak of *your* authority, but I will tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the law, and a distributor of justice, and were the whole house of commons in your belly, I would not stir one foot!"—The Speaker was prudent enough to retire, and the house was equally prudent in letting the affair drop.

SOUVENIRS.

When twilight's crimson pass'd away,
And on her couch the clear moon shone,
To muse and meditate she lay,
Dejected, silent, and alone.

Faithful as streams to ocean roll,
Pure as the thoughts of saints above,—
Oh! fairer form, and warmer soul,
Were never sanctified to Love!

The brow, from clouds of raven hair,
Rises like dawn upon the night;
Lovely, unstain'd, and freshly fair,
As the first morning's chrystal light.

The swimming eyes—a very saint
Might envy her their gentle rays—
Are such as limners learn to paint,
And youthful poets long to praise.

The Gleaner.

The trembling lips, whose roses are
 Half opening to the evening sky,
Seem as they breath'd an angel's prayer,
 Mix'd with a loving woman's sigh.

The lilies that her bosom grace—
 Mark how their snowy leaves expand,
While soft beneath them steals the face,
 That lies in her unconscious hand.

Ay! gaze upon it—warmly view;
 Full well thou know'st, beyond the sea,
He dwells upon thine image too,
 And has no other care but thee.

And as the Pilgrim, from the streams
 Of childhood distant many a mile,
Toils thro' the desert, while his dreams
 Repose on Mecca all the while;

So he, amid the tempest's jar,
 Reverts to thee a longing eye,—
The loveliest and the brightest star
 In Retrospection's glowing sky.

For, ah! it was his chief delight,
 Thy mind to scan, thy form survey;
To dream about thee all the night,
 And linger near thee half the day.

To sit with thee—as he has sate—
 To con with thee some touching tale,
And mark how regal Minna's fate
 Could o'er thy tender heart prevail.

To roam with thee, when stars of Love
 Shone o'er ye with benignant ray,
And ope lone bird, in boughs above,
 Sang sweet, to hymn departing day.

But now how sad the hours will run,
 No bliss-fraught moments strewn between,
When wakes the morn, and sinks the sun,
 And he is silent, and unseen.

Lady! the dark and bright *will* kiss ;
The sunniest things throw sternest shade ;
And, in this world, e'en happiness
Doth sometimes make the heart afraid.

And thus it must be ; but the sands
Of envious Time shall never run,
Which—though they see divided hands—
Shall see your bosoms more than one!

Amateur.

French Coffee. Some twenty odd years ago, when the United States Military Academy was in its infancy—before mischief had given place to mathematics, quizzing to ethics, and infinite fun to infinite series : in those halcyon days, when police was a trifle unworthy the notice of a gentleman, discipline a bugbear, but not a thing to be enforced ; when the science of mineralogy was no further pursued than in the choice of suitable stones for quoits, and botany was only studied among the branches of the lofty cherry-trees which garnished the front of “Old Snowdon’s Quarters” and ornamented Washington’s romantic valley—when more attention was given to drawing a cork than a plan, and Masson’s French was less heeded than his attempts to speak English—when Cadets were too scarce to be worked up into ram-rods on parade, and worked down to rag-babies on drill—when a “master of the sword” was sought for but not found, and when quarters were “like angels visits, few and far between,”—and a ‘steward’ an unknown thing—in those happy days, we say, some half a dozen of the cadets—there were but a few more at the Point at that time—became displeased with ‘Black George’s’ boarding—notwithstanding the charms of his youthful daughter, and manfully resolved to establish a mess on their own hook, and club together to keep a bachelor’s hall in style.

"Old Hamilton," an Irishman and an invalid soldier, who was retained in the pay of the government to compensate him for his wounds, and who acted in the capacity of waiter to the 'young gentlemen,' was called upon to discharge the important functions of 'steward, cook and bottle-washer' for the mess. Poor Hamilton! the turf now rests upon his head; but then, while he did live and move among men, no one of the blundering sons of 'Green Erin' ever made more, or better practical bulls.

Cadet De R. a young French gentleman, like all of his countrymen was particularly fond of a cup of good *coffee*, and in this respect at least, he was determined not only to 'rule the roast' but the boiling too. The unsophisticated youths of the West Point mess were to be astonished with a dish of the precious beverage made after the most approved Paris method, and the weak Bohea of the time forever discarded.

"Hamilton," said De R. one morning at the mess table, "when you next make coffee, instead of putting the coffee grounds loose into the pot, as you have been accustomed to do, enclose them in a bag first, and then be sure to boil them an hour at least. Do this always and we shall never fail to have a good, *clear*, strong cup of coffee.

"Yes your onor," replied Hamilton.

The next morning, however, notwithstanding the minute directions of De R. the coffee tasted—all said—peculiar, and some almost swore, that it was confoundedly bad—and the cups remained full.

The presence of Hamilton was required.

"Hamilton," the coffee tastes very badly this morning; was you careful to follow my directions in making it?"

"Yes plase your onor."

"What can make it taste so then?" Are you sure you used clean water?"

"Just coal from 'Old George's spring,' your onor."

"What sort of bag did you use to boil the grounds in?"

"Bag!—why plase your onor, I could'nt find any sthuff to make a very good bag wid, but I picked up a *part* of an old *stocking about* and tied it at onë end, and boiled it in the coffee!"

"The d—l you did!" was the exclamation of the mess—and we came away: but ere we had gone far we heard a variety of noises, much resembling, as it appeared to us, the operations of emetics; and the memory of De R.'s French Coffee will remain long after the ruins of Fort Putnam will have crumbled into their original dust.—*Sullivan Mercury.*

Fair Play. Mr. Curran, who was a very small man, having a dispute with a brother counsel, who ~~was~~ was a very stout one, in which words ran high on both sides, called him out. The other however objected. 'For,' said he, 'you are so little, that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting; whereas the chance is, that you shoot me at the first fire.'—'Upon my conscience, that's true!' cried Curran. 'But to convince you that I don't wish to take any advantage, you may chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing!'

INFELIX SENECTUS.

To see an old and gray haired man,

It always makes me sad;

For why—I shall grow old myself

That am so stout a lad.

What if one takes the portly turn,
 And swells, and puffs, and grows,
 Who does not hate your walking whale,
 Your full blown human rose ?

Alas ! a little dapper man,
 May come to weigh a ton—
 The pantaloons of twenty-two,
 Are tights at forty-one.

And then to think of getting thin,
 Is bad as bad can be ;
 Your eagle nose your salient chin,
 Are shocking things to me.

I'm not a baby or an ass,
 But yet my soul it shocks,
 That time should whittle down my legs,
 And pick my golden locks.

Some decent calves are made of cork—
 They're awkward in a boot ;
 Some decent periwigs are bought—
 They're slow at taking root.

No—let me weep, I cannot bear
 The wasting hand of years ;
 O were there nothing else to shed,
 my tears I would not grudge.

Amateur.

POETRY OF REAL LIFE.

THE FLIES.

The flies ! the flies ! the whizzing flies !
 Those little dragon things !
 The air is Babel with their sounds
 And twilight with their wings.

There's one is buzzing in my ear,
 And one above my eye—
 Ah—I have got him in my hand—
 That miserable fly !

Thump! there's your gruel, honest friend—
Smash! how's your liver now?
Aha! my fingers, worthy bugs,
Are devils in a row.

Keep off, keep off, blue-bottle fly,
With your asthmatic hum,
Your'e mighty loving with my nose,
You would not like my thumb.

Stop, let him crawl a little way,
There—now if you must go
Just be so good as leave in pawn
A dozen legs or so.

Well, really now, my pretty pet
I fear I've hurt your head
I'm sorry—but we all must die—
The little whelp is dead.

Hand me the tongs—they come, they come
Like pecks of living hail;
O Lord Monboddo, bless your soul,
I wish I had a tail.

Amateur.

Scenes among the Esquimaux. During the time I was engaged in the Newfoundland fishery, I happened to accompany the admiral of the station in one of his usual coasting voyages of *surveillance*, which, in his capacity of governor of the island, he performs at stated periods.

It was about the end of July that we cast anchor at the isle of Toulinguet, on the northern coast, where we heard that a considerable sensation had been created by the unprovoked murder of a planter,* and plunder of his stock of cod, as it lay drying on the scaffolds, by the Esquimaux, during one of their flying visits from the mainland.

* A resident on shore, employed in curing and packing fish, &c.

These Esquimaux are a very singular people. They are truly savages. Every attempt on the part of the settlers to conciliate and civilize them has hitherto proved abortive. Distrust seems to be a constitutional characteristic of the race, to an extent unknown amongst other North American Indians. They also possess a full share of the love of war and the love of theft, unmitigated by any feelings of pity for the pains they inflict, and undisturbed by any metaphysical considerations of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

“For why? because the good old rule
Suffices them,—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should *kill* who can!”

In common with other Esquimaux tribes, hunting and fishing are their only means of subsistence. Indeed the soil and climate offer few temptations to engage in agriculture; especially to a people who never remain a week in one place if they can help it, and to whom the restriction of a settled residence would be felt an intolerable evil. In short, they present as complete a specimen of savage life as could be found in any quarter of the globe.

The constant feeling of insecurity of life and property, which the settlers on the coast endured from these people's vindictive and predatory habits, tended much to retard attempts to improve the interior. At last, the local government determined to take measures to lessen the evil. The most effectual seemed to be, the civilization of a few natives to an extent that would render them capable of communicating between their countrymen and the European settlers, to interpret the desire of the latter to open regular *trading houses* for their accommodation, and render them *every assistance* they might require, in the hope of ultimately *establishing* a friendly intercourse.

The murder of the planter seemed a very inauspicious prelude to this project, but the admiral did not despair. He summoned a meeting of the neighbouring inhabitants, and went on shore himself to see what could be done. As I had always a great curiosity to learn any thing relating to these Arabs of the snows, I begged leave to accompany him.

The meeting took place at the house of Mr. English, episcopal minister of the islands of Fogo and Toulinguet. He was an intelligent, well-educated young man, evidently much respected by the admiral and the assembled company. He was very anxious that a party should be formed (of which he offered to be one,) to proceed in search of the natives, to bear them presents, and by the language of signs (well understood over the continent of North America) to explain our good wishes and intentions to permanently contribute to their comforts, if they would consider ours. "And, perhaps," said he, "we may induce one or two to return with us, through whom we may, by kind treatment, eventually establish a satisfactory intercourse with the wild tribes, and convert them from dangerous enemies into useful friends."

"'Tis only throwing away time to think of it," said an old weather-beaten fisher, who held a fine boy by the hand; "the ugly devils are incapable of civilization. When I was whaler on the Hudson's Bay station, I saw hundreds of these Esquimaux for years together, and know them well. They were brutish and wild enough, God knows; but of all the animals on two legs that I ever saw or heard of, these islanders are the lowest and worst. By their fruits ye may know them."

"Granted!" said the benevolent minister; "but surely *mon, they only stand in more need of our assistance*"

instruction. If we had commenced our works of kindness a year ago, probably, your son would not have been thus savagely murdered. Bad as they are, we should feel for them. They have at least souls to be saved."

"Souls to be saved!" re-echoed Simon in scornful surprise; "d—n their souls! I read my Bible constantly, but I never saw a word in it about these Esquimaux, or could learn that the raw-flesh-eating vagabonds had souls in their stinking carcasses, though they wear their beards, and call themselves *men*. A black wolf has ten times more sagacity than any of them, and when he dies, his skin is worth a dollar. My dog Cabot has as much flesh on his bones, and as much brains in his skull, and is much more likely to have a soul to be saved. I'll tell you what he did one day, and then judge for yourselves. As we were at anchor fishing in the Ditch——"

"Avast, Simon!" said the admiral, "we'll listen to that story another time; we've other fish to catch now!"

"Ay! Ay!" replied the rough old fisher in a grumbling undertone, "haul away! Unlucky hookfulls you'll have of them! and glad enough you'll be to throw your stinking fish overboard again! Fish, indeed! They're neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring!"

A number of the company seemed to coincide with Simon, that the Savages were a bad speculation to meddle with, and that the safer mode of treatment was to keep them at a distance, like wild beasts: but the admiral was not so easily disconcerted. "Simon," said he, "I always heard a good account of you, as an obliging fellow, and as a man of courage too. Now I want to trap a few of these rough unsavoury fellows, that you despise so heartily; but if you stand aback, you'll make cowards of all the crew. Your fishing season is fairly over now,—your scaffolds &

ull,—the cod is drying briskly ; and if you and your comrades will join Mr. English in a hunt after the natives, you sha'n't lose your labour. I'll give £100 for every one that you bring to Fort Townshend a year hence, able to speak either English or French, and interpret between us and their countrymen."

"Bless your heart!" said Simon, "that's a noble bounty, and would bring mermaids from Norway. We'll hook the lubbers for you, though they hide like otters, and snap like sharks. But the parson here must undertake for the lingo, and a tough spell he'll have of it. They are as sulky as bears in their winter lodge. Ah! cut a shark's meat ever so nice, you'll never teach him to chaw like a Christian."

"Grandada," said the boy in an earnest whisper, "let me go with you to hunt the savages! Paul will lend me his carbine, and we'll bring Cabot."

"No! no! child," replied the old man, "'twas enough for them to kill your father. I must not lose you, as I did my poor Ben, by the arrows of these wild brutes. Stay at home, my dear Sebastian, for a little while. You'll get fighting enough, I promise you, as you go through the world."

It was finally arranged, that Simon should man a small sail-boat with a few steady men of his own choice, and run along the coast the very next day, with Mr. English, in search of the native Esquimaux ; bearing as presents some trinkets and utensils which they value highly, a fortnight's provisions for themselves, and, to guard against the worst, arms and ammunition. I had never yet seen these natives, and as I had always loved adventures where sociality and danger went hand in hand, I requested, and readily received, permission to accompany the party. Mr. English gave me a bed in his house, and the sun at its rising next morning found us seated beside old Simon in his smack, —

the helm in his hand, Cabot between his legs, and his long duck-gun behind him, steering right before the wind into the Bay of Exploits. His crew consisted of six jovial fishers, prepared for any adventure; their guns and pistols safe in a chest, and their tobacco-pipes sociably displayed in their mouths, puffing away care, and enjoying hundreds of pounds sterling in all the moral certainty of lively anticipation. You and I once heard a matter-of-fact person deny the power of the human mind to forestall future pleasure and pain to any real extent; but this lubber had never dreamt of jumping ashore into the arms of expecting friends, whilst becalmed amidst the fogs of Newfoundland, and lulled to sleep by the loud billows that break above its Banks; or never fancied himself in a sinking ship in the midst of the Atlantic, while the cries of agonized companions assail his ears with horrible fidelity. For my part, I find my share of solid material happiness so very trifling, that I am determined through life to enjoy as much of it as possible in prospect, and look at the bright side of things wherever my course is bound.

There was little of brightness or beauty to be seen in the shores along which we were passing. Farmer's Island lay on our right, the mainland on our left; both bordered with cold, rugged, gloomy rocks; here quite barren, there crowned with juniper, heath, or wild spruce, which formed the only objects that relieved the waste of waters. A few detached, tall, naked crags stood forth among the waves in picturesque array; but the general aspect of still life here is sombre and repulsive; so I turned in self-defence to enjoy animated nature beside me.

"What a noble animal this Cabot is!" said I to his master; "you were interrupted yesterday in an interesting anecdote of his sagacity."

“ Ay !” said the old man proudly, “ ’tis he that needn’t be ashamed to hear his doings spoken of. He knows every word I say, and would speak if he could. I reared him from his cradle, and fed and christened him myself. I love him like a child, and he respects me like a father. Well, as I was saying, my poor Ben and I were fishing on the Bank one day, as usual, and Cabot was on board. I like to bring him with me, for he has a pretty notion of the weather, and always takes his watch with me, and keeps me warm in my berth when we turn in together—(that’s if he’s not too wet, for then he has the decency to lie alone). When on deck, he keeps a good look out for squalls, and barks right in the wind’s eye till they strike us : but if he spies a sleeping whale, he’s as mute as a mouse. He can see an iceberg through a fog, or feel the freezing blast from it, as well as any Christian. He’s like a Christian in every thing—eating his fish boiled or broiled, as we can give it to him—not bolting it raw like the unclean savages (who only know the use of fire to show them light), except when he takes a fancy to eat a cod’s tongue from my hand, or to munch a flounder, that he amuses himself finding with his feet in the shallow water on shore, and chasing till he catches them.

“ Well, as I was saying, we were pulling up the fish by hundreds. The sea was alive with cod. ’Twas only the end of May, and we had our ten thousand for the bounty already caught. Every man of us was alive and jumping ; Cabot wishing he had hands to help us, and avoiding the hooks like an old seaman. All of a sudden, a hook on the line that I was paying out caught the riband of my seals, and whipt the watch out of my fob !—a beautiful little double-cased, gold, flat, French thing, that went as regular

as the gulf-stream. The riband tore half through in the jerk, and away flew the *montre d'or* clean off the hook! "O my watch! my watch!" said I. Cabot saw the salmon-leap it made over the gunwale, heard my outcry, and instantly plunged in head foremost after the shining bait. "Ah! poor Cabot," thought I, "gold sinks faster than you can dive, and the bottom is out of your depth here. I pray Heaven he does not hook himself." Well, it wasn't long till he popped his head up like an otter with a fine cod splashing about in his mouth. "Well done, Cabot," said I, "you thought I bid you go fish for me, as often you did before." Ben helped him and the cod into the boat, and up the side of the vessel. "You deserve the tongue for yourself, my fine fellow," said I, as I cut it out for him, and threw the fish to the gutter. Cabot wouldn't have it, but jumped after his prize. Ben and I went on at our work as before, when presently we heard him barking furiously, and saw the gutter threatening him with his knife. "What's all this about, Cabot?" said I,—*"silence, sir!"* but he made more noise than ever.—*"How dare you insult the dog?"* said Ben.—*"Upon my oath I didn't touch him,"* replied the gutter trembling.—*"You lie,"* said Ben, seizing the fellow by the arm; *"he never barks at any one for nothing, and to mend the matter you turn your knife on him!"* Cabot, the instant that Ben caught the fellow's knife-arm (he never meddles with edge tools), sprung on the rogue's breast, tore open his waistcoat, and down dropped my watch and seals on deck. Cabot seized them, handed them safe to me, and jumped for joy. We all kissed him, and Ben kicked the dirty gut-plucker; and Cabot barked him out of the vessel. I examined his fish afterwards, and found that he had caught it by the tail, most

likely as it was trying the bellyful it had swallowed too hastily, and was shaking it out, head-downwards as usual ; for (saving your presence) they puke as natural as an alderman. I got the watch cleaned at St. John's ;—here it is, and it goes better than ever ; but when fishing, I always wear my seals inside. Ay ! you see Cabot knows what we are talking of," continued he, as the sagacious animal caught the riband playfully to his mouth, and looked proudly at his master ; " and he has heard so much French spoken while he was with me at Cape St. John, that he understands a good deal of that language too."

" I'll try him now," said I, " and turning to Mr. English observed, "*Le ciel promet l'orage contre le vent ! Ya-t-il de l'apparence des raffles aujourd' hui ?*"

Cabot jumped up earnestly, laid his paws on the gunwale, snuffed the breeze, and looked along the sky over Farmer's Island in very seaman-like style ; then after peeping in all our careless faces, seemed to settle himself down into an opinion (as he yawned and nestled again between Simon's legs, with some contempt in his countenance) that there was no danger of squalls. " I'll try him again," said I, and continued to Simon, "*Ya-t-il sur ce côté des bons endroits pour prendre terre ?*" The dog's eyes instinctively turned coastwards, but he seemed to await his master's reply.

" *Oh non ! Mais au-delà de la pointe prochaine la terre est plus unie, et nous pouvons débarquer de tems en tems chercher pour ces gros pitauds les Esquimaux !*"

Simon (who had much of the vivacity of gesture which seems an indispensable part of the language he was speaking) could not help pointing significantly at the headland he was about to weather, and infusing an extra degree of scorn

into his brief notice of the poor natives. Cabot evidently observed both, and stood upon the alert, as if he had received an "order of the day" to hold himself in readiness for actual service. His curiosity was effectually roused and he ran about the vessel with his eyes fixed on the rock that concealed the promised land of his master's foes.

"The word Esquimaux," said Mr. English, "has a great effect on him. I think he shares in his master's antipathies. It started him angrily on his feet just now, as the cry of *Neunook!* * rouses an Esquimaux dog."

The old man seemed rather affronted by the illustration. "What resemblance is there," said he, "between that noble fellow and any of their howling, thievish, half-starved, quarrelsome curs?—a cross between wolves and foxes!—just kept alive by offal, and by shell-fish of their own finding; and, when in harness, requiring a skelp, and a curse every minute, to prevent them running riot, and choking themselves with each other's wool! Cabot never needed a blow, and wouldn't bear it. He can run as fast as I can with two hundred weight of wood or fish in his own little sleigh when the snow is hard, and, once to oblige me (indeed I lent him a hand myself), drew twice that weight. He wouldn't live on the raw garbage that they do, for he always eats with me—My lads, get breakfast!—He never hurted a dog in his life, unless it first attacked him. By the by, now you remind me, he was set upon by four savage curs in an Esquimaux sledge one day, that turned out of their track on the Hudson Bay ice to fall foul of him. The driver had been shouting *Neunook!* as if there were a bear in sight, to spirit them on their journey, when all at

* A bear.

once they turned on Cabot, pretending to mistake *him* for a bear. "A joke's a joke!" said I, "but this is too bad!" so I levelled my gun to quash the fight; but the little woolly devils were over and under him so often, that I couldn't fire without hurting him. He just gave all their legs a chop a piece (that's his way of fighting), and left them lame and howling. During the fight, their driver poised his fish-spear, and would have shivered Cabot, if I hadn't fired my charge of duck-shot across him, and blew the harpoon-head off: it was only tied on with a single thong in the middle of it, as usual (to let it turn into a cross-barb in the fish or flesh it penetrated, as the case might be); so he got it again after the fray, in two of his dogs' mouths, that were fighting for its fresh seal-skin thong. But, would you believe it? the savage was so intent on slaughter that he didn't mind my shot, but darted the heedless handle at Cabot, who, in return, seized the ugly devil by the leg like the rest—(small blame to him)—and pulled three boots off. I had great work to untangle them. Well, when the battle was ended, and I was giving the greasy driver a drop of brandy, he saw that poor Cabot had got fast to his fishing-line by a hook stuck through the web between his toes: the fellow seized the paw roughly to recover his property, and was going to tear it out, as if it had only been in a cod's jaw. Cabot winced, and was about to bite him again, so I knocked the fellow down for peace-sake, to teach him gentleness, as words would be thrown away on him. I cut the line and drew out the hook backward, to Cabot's admiration, who was in despair at the awkward grapple he had made, and expected to part with some of his precious toes, at least, before he got clear. Well, sir! when we went home, and fully six months after, one day as I came to shore to unload

a cargo of fish at Ben's scaffold, Cabot came swimming and barking alongside to congratulate me, and play with Sebastian as usual. He was anxious to attract my attention, but I didn't speak to him for a long time, as I was busy on board keeping a tally of the fish. At last he howled mournfully: 'twas the first time I had ever heard him howl—(the Esquimaux brutes can do nothing else). And as little Sebastian kept interrupting me, I looked steadily to see what was the matter. Then I perceived he had another dog at the water's edge along with him, very lame;—and as he kept running about the poor brute—then towards me—then back again to him, I thought there must be some meaning in it (for Cabot had no nonsense about him); so I stepped ashore and looked at the lame dog's foot. And there, fast anchored in the flesh, stuck an ugly cod-hook. I took it out, as I had done before for Cabot, and jerked it into the water, as I thought, sinking it with a hearty curse to the bottom of the sea: but it fell short! When, what do you think Cabot did?—The considerate brute ran after it—picked it up—let it drop fairly in the water—then returned to his companion, and away they both scampered, barking with delight. The dog's worth his weight in dollars! He has a great heart, tender bowels, and no spleen, bile, gall, or venom, in his nature. I'll bet my year's fishing he has a soul to be saved! Now, lads, to breakfast!"

A substantial breakfast was spread around the mast. Our stores consisted of green and dry cod, herrings, salmon, and eels, salt beef, gamets and their eggs from the Bird Islands, biscuits, and brandy. The last was a present from the stores of the admiral, who knew the general poverty of diet of the *fishers*, and wished to infuse some spirit into their proceedings through the medium of their stomachs. Cabot sat be-

le his master, took politely whatever was given him, and behaved himself, as Simon would say, "very like a Christian."

By the time breakfast was ended, we had doubled the light cape, and then ran alongside a low beach for some time. We found a favorable spot to land at. We jumped ashore, and ascended the most elevated rock contiguous; but the telescope could show us nothing of the human race, so we continued our course along the shore, as near as we safely could venture, till we reached the southern extremity of the bay where it receives the River of Exploits; occasionally turning into little creeks and coves of still water, where we could land without risk, and get a view inland. But as yet no natives appeared.

A sail-boat is a fine place for listening to stories. You have no rowing to tire you; sailors have always something strange to tell, and you may believe as much as you please. Wrapped up in your cloak, the breeze in your ear only makes you arrange it more comfortably to catch the long "yarn"; it comes spinning out amidst spray and sail-flap, creaking of the astonished mast, and rattling of rival ropes.

"This is a strange mainsail of yours," said I; "how came the picture of this great fish on it?—What claw-like appendages!—and what a set of teeth!—Which of your sea-devils is it?"

"That's a grampus," replied the old man, "the whale's greatest enemy. One of these fellows (with sometimes the help of a thresher, or a sword-fish, or a sea-unicorn,) will drive a poor whale ashore in shallow water, kill him, and eat him after. They're all great poachers and injure the whale-fishing very much. Yet they're sociable animals in their own way, not very unlike the white wolves, in their mode of life, that I have seen in a long string like a crescent on the plains

of Labrador, chasing an elk in the midst of them over a precipice, and then quietly descending to pick his bones together. I'll tell you how the fish came to be painted there.

“When I was mate of a Nantucket whaler, and we were running south heavy laden from Hudson's Bay, an ugly wind from sou'-sou'-west, ahead, blew us back as we were entering the straits of Belle-isle, and sent us coasting round Newfoundland through the fogs. We doubled Cape Bauld by close shaving, then stood well out from the shore till the storm abated and just passed Toulinguet, when the wind died away, and the fog came down on us like a casting net. There we were for three days, that we never saw the sun, yawing about, till the tide carried us one night right on a sharp ledge of sunken rocks. Then (when the mischief was done) a gale set in at sunrise from the north, the fog was cleared up like a mainsail in a squall, and we found our stout ship breaking her back on the ledge as the tide fell, within a bow shot of Round Head, the northern point of the isle of Fogo. What was to be done? The gale was increasing; the breakers boiled furiously about us, and the surf on the shore would swamp a life-boat. It had been a spring-tide, d'ye see; the vessel now lay high on the ledge: every wave ran up the rock like a wild bull, tossing up the stern, and letting it fall again. The thumps she gave as the keel struck the bottom were felt like the shocks of an earthquake in the Mississippi! We all expected by full ebb that the good ship *Grampus* would be in shivers, with all of us afloat, to be dashed on the Round Head among our barrels, of blubber!

“A crowd of people on the island had assembled at the mouth of a little cove, just a mere gap in the rocks, where *in fair* weather a boat might put in, or a dog swim ashore. *A thought struck me.* I called Cabot, showed him the cove,

and bid him swim with a line to the people there. He would have taken it in his mouth; but I persuaded him to wait till I made it fast to him like the traces of his own sleigh, and then off he jumped with it, rowing through the surge in gallant style. We all gave three cheers for Cabot as we beheld him pushing on undauntedly, with all our lives depending on the rope that he bore so well, and which every minute grew heavier. I paid it out myself, lest he should be held back, or lest more might go than was needful, and mayhap catch on the coral bottom. Now he approached the surf on shore. Again we cheered him on. The islanders had caught a sight of him amidst the tumbling spray, and re-echoed our shouts as he neared them. The captain stood beside me watching every stroke of the dog through his glass, and giving us hope and comfort. I could only mind the rope. I recollect I knocked my son Ben upside down for treading on it—(that poor fellow who was murdered t'other day!) 'Now,' said the captain, 'he enters the breakers! No, he stops! No wonder; that surf would make splinters of a porpoise. Ah! he sinks,—he's lost!—and we're lost!' He dropt the glass, and fell on his knees on my coil. 'Get off the line, you cowardly lubber,' said I capsizing him. 'I'll bet a guinea now he's diving under it. What should ail him?' The captain jumped up like a new man, and soon we saw the waving of hats as Cabot swam cleverly in!

"We now sent a strong rope ashore, and along with it a cable, which they made fast round a high rock. On this we swung a chair (well braced together with cord, like a cage,) that slid along by an iron ring. One by one the crew went safe ashore in this easy chair with the help of the islanders, who pulled it cheerily to land every time by the second rope; and those who remained on board hauled it back again.—

Every one made much of Cabot when he landed, but he minded none but our friend Paul there beside you, who had waded into the water to meet him and take off the line, and give him a biscuit after his swim. He barked with delight as each of the crew were hauled through the surf to the rock, and spun about like a trundling mop when he saw me in the cage setting off from the ship with little Sebastian in my arms ; for we were the last except the captain. The *Grampus* soon was bumped to pieces, and the casks of blubber came rolling in. As the wind abated, we saved most of them, and some of the ship's sails and timbers, by guiding them into the little cove. Ben and I were given the charge of them till they could be disposed of. We found kind people in these islands, and liked our quarters so well that here we have staid ever since, and given up the harpoon for the cod hooks. The captain gave me a foresail that I saved : Ben cut it up into what you see, and painted that *Grampus* on it, that we might never forget our whaling days."

We entered the River of Exploits, and landed to climb a hill at a little distance, from the top of which we might hope to get a pretty extensive view. And here, after a sharp look out, to our great delight we caught a sight of the Esquimaux. About a dozen single canoes were lying a mile off, up a bend of the river, hauled into a rushy creek : a rude tent of skins thrown across a few poles stood near them in a clump of juniper, and their owners were huddled together at a little distance on the overhanging heathy bank ; very much resembling a group of young white bears on the watch for fish. We had scarcely discovered them, when their keen eyes perceived us also, and up they started in haste, pulled down their tent in a minute, rolled up their little furniture in the skins in the most expeditious and workmanlike style, and ran with their property to the canoes.

"We alarm them," said I. "They may escape us if we n't hasten up in the boat."

"No ! no !" replied Simon, "they mistake us for a land rty, and take to the water for safety. So far, so well.—et them tie the bear-skins fast on their canoes, and cram eir own blubberly selves into the deck-holes, and then wē ve them on our own element. The wind is with us, and e'll soon run them down."

'Twas just as Simon foretold. The Esquimaux hastily addled from shore, each tied up in his water-proof seat ; ut having gained the centre of the river, they seemed to wait our further movements to regulate theirs. We nōw astened down to the boat, which as yet lay hid by the hill rom their sight, and made all sail to come up with them. As soon as they espied us on the water, they were seized with consternation. They speedily paddled back to land again, and untied their packages as quickly as they had tied them on before, stowed them away into the holes they had sat in, and marched off inland with their boats and baggage on their heads ;—a curious sight to see. During this operation, we were fast approaching them, and getting ready our presents. Mr. English and Paul (who both knew something of their manners) undertook to bear them ; and, to excite less apprehension, left their guns behind.

"Nevertheless," said Simon, "take each of you a pair of pistols in your pockets. These savages are treacherous at best. And if you find them in a bad humor don't close with them, but keep out of the reach of their arrows and spears. And all the rest of you, put by your pipes, and look to your prining. The messengers may need our help yet."

We laid the boat close in to the bank, and made her fast

to an old spruce fir that grew near. Our ambassadors now hastened to overtake the loaded natives, who, as soon as they perceived themselves followed, divided into two parties, and pursued separate paths. Mr. English took the course of the party to the right, and Paul endeavored to come up with that to the left. As the ground was tolerably clear and level, we had a fair view of all their proceedings from the river side.

When the savages saw they were pursued in this manner, first one party, then the other, laid down their canoes, and held a consultation amongst themselves. "I'm sorry now that Paul went," said Simon to me; "he's drest exactly as my poor Ben was the day he was killed. They were comrades, and cut their jackets from the same piece, and their caps out of the same seal-skin. He was present at that skirmish, and helped us to rescue our fish. I wounded one of the natives, and he wounded another. If these fellows were of that party, he runs a great risk. Ha! they are threatening him. Paul, stop! call him, somebody that can shout. The wind baffles my voice. That fellow in front is springing his fingers! *—and now they string their bows, and fit their arrows; and that booby's picking his steps, and doesn't see it. Paul, I say! Lads, get your guns!"

At our repeated shouts, the messenger turned round, and at that moment, the party to which he had been advancing discharged their arrows at him. He was struck—ran a little way towards us, staggered, and fell. The Esquimaux rushed towards him with loud shouts; and Mr. English, well knowing the fate that awaited the poor fellow, if they reached him, ran courageously to his aid, and discharged his pis-

*To spring the fingers at any one, as if sprinkling water, in the language of signs, indicates the discharge of missiles, and the threat, "I will kill you if ——"

ls at the assailants. They returned his fire by several arrows shot in succession, and so well aimed, that if he had not watched narrowly, and jumped actively aside, each shaft could have transfixed him. I was struck with admiration at the intrepid presence of mind and quickness displayed in this dangerous moment by a quiet young man, whose exercises had hitherto been of so different a cast. The old Peruvian gymnasts, who stood as marks on their pedestals,* could not have evaded the hostile missiles more dexterously. The secret of his safety, I believe, lay in the calm, observant mood which was constitutional in him, and now enabled him to look danger steadily in the face—to correctly estimate its tendency—and, thus collected and forewarned, to move the requisite step in ease and safety.

The party to the right now made ready to assist their companions. Our crew also ran towards the scene of action.—

Stop, lads! and fire quickly and steadily,” cried Simón; ’tis the only chance to save them!” Each of our men, in turn, but so hurriedly, from the agitation they felt at the sight of their fallen comrade in the clutches of savages, that they all missed their marks. Simon and I had not yet fired. Some of the fishers stood in my way, so I discharged my piece (which was loaded with swan drops,) at the second party, who were now advancing with shouts of defiance, and with good effect, for they instantly retreated, took up their canoes, and we soon lost sight of them. The others had now surrounded their hapless victim; and one of them (the fellow who first threatened Paul) was in the act of plucking out the arrow he had shot him with, when Simon, resting his long duck-gun on a branch of the withered spruce

Vide *Marmontel's Incas.*

that our boat was tied to, fired and shot him dead. On his fall, and our approach, his companions speedily retraced their steps, with the exception of one who remained bent in anguish over his body ; but, such is the force of habit, ere they fled they could not resist the temptation of snatching their own particular arrows out of the body of the dying man.— They also found time to plunder him of the ill-fated presents.

As our crew hastened up to their bleeding comrade, the remaining savage fled also. Two of the fishers, who had re-loaded, again presented their pieces with steady, vengeful aim, but Simon arrested their fire by exclaiming, “ Hold, lads ! ’tis a woman ! I see the peak of her head-dress, with its beads and feathers. I’ll stop her without gunpowder.— Here, Cabot ! seize her, boy ; catch her by the long cloak, and hold her fast ! ”

The dog waited for no more, but stretched away after the waddling bundle of skins which his master’s sharp eye had recognized as the dress of a female Esquimaux. He soon came up with her, and effectually arrested her flight by laying firm hold of the ample bear-skin robe. Hoping still to escape, she untied it at the collar, left it in his grasp, and fled again. Again the dog pursued, caught her by the tail of her jacket, and held her securely without further violence. The savage, thus trammelled, uttered screams of rage and despair. She turned furiously on the dog with her drawn knife, and plunged it furiously into his throat and breast several times. The noble animal retained his hold to the last ; but as the life-blood flowed from the wound, she shook herself free, and again ran towards her tribe, now far distant. The old man, during the struggles, had gained fast on her, and, boiling over with wrath, at last overtook and knocked

her down with the butt of his gun. Again her screams of rage were heard, and rose on the air at intervals. I ran up to save her life, as I feared Simon was inclined to take ample vengeance on his prisoner; but I perceived he was only binding her feet together, and her hands behind her back. He then hastily returned to his faithful dumb friend, who lay bleeding and shuddering on the spot where he had fallen beneath her knife.

I aided Simon's endeavors to bind up the deep wounds which the enraged savage had made in his breast and neck, but it was plain, from the quantity of blood that had gushed from them ere we arrived, and now lay streaming around him, that the noble animal was past our help. The old man's voice faltered, and I saw a tear on his rough cheek, as he said, "'Tis all over; Cabot will never swim again; and there's not such a dog alive. God forgive me! 'twas I that sent him to be killed!" Cabot still knew his voice; and with eyes that were fast assuming the glossy lustre of death, acknowledged the grateful sympathy of his master. He raised his head for an instant, and attempted to lick the hand that patted it; but the vital stream gushed from his mouth, and the effort was unavailing. It was his last—expressive of the master feeling of his noble nature, and Simon fully appreciated it. "My faithful dog!" he exclaimed, "where shall I find such a friend? I would share half the remaining years of my life with you if I could. But it pleases God to take you to himself, and leave me to struggle on alone with storms and savages." So saying, and sighing heavily, he rose from the clotted gore in which he had been unconsciously kneeling, and returned with me to the spot where the crew were assembled round the wounded fisher and the dead *Esquimaux*.

As we approached, they beckoned Simon to hasten, and we both ran forward. Paul lay on his face on the ground, weltering in blood. One arrow was yet sticking firmly in his neck, the last remaining of four which had pierced him as he turned to ask the meaning of our shouts.

The fishers and Mr. English were endeavoring to stanch the wide-spread wounds by bandages when we arrived ; but all their handkerchiefs and neckcloths were soon soaked through, and his life was fast flowing away. He motioned Simon to stoop down to him, as he could not raise or turn his head, and he groaned with horror as his comrades proposed to remove the arrow. "Simon," said he, faintly and at intervals, "I am dying. This arrow is too deep. Don't touch it ! Let me die ! These are the fellows that killed Ben. Wear this cap for my sake. Let Sebastian have my carbine : the boy was fond of me. Tell Mary I pardon all her cruelty. Give her the little moss-rose tree again ; perhaps she will think of Paul as she wears its flowers. Give my watch and every thing else to my mother, and say my last thoughts were of her."—"I will, my dear fellow," replied Simon ; "God help her and me too !" A pause ensued. His breathing was yet audible, and all were silent in deep commiseration. Again his feeble voice was heard, as if a sudden thought occurred. "Tell her, lest she should lose time in searching, that I hid the key of my chest over the door, and that I put her strong shoes up the chimney to dry." He would have said more, but the barbed weapon now irritated his throat beyond endurance, and he coughed violently : the blood gushed afresh everywhere, and when the fit ceased from exhaustion, he breathed no more : life terminated in that universal convulsion.

All stood sadly gazing on the piteous sight, till Simon, with

an anxiety we could not comprehend the cause of, withdrew from his friend's neck the fourth and last shaft which the savage had been endeavoring to regain when he received his death-shot. "He is quite dead!" said the old fisher, "he winces not! 'twould have roused life if a feeling remained. Ay!" continued he, as he closely examined the carving of the bone arrow-head, and compared it with those in its owner's quiver, and with one which he drew from his own pocket, "ay! 'tis as I thought. The same hand that shot Paul drew the bow before to murder my poor Ben: these arrow-heads were cut from the same bone, and notched by the same hand, and now it lies cold and stiff there beside Paul's. I'm satisfied. And see how the wild butcher still grasps his knife in death! 'Tis plunged into the earth as he made his last spiteful stab at Paul with it. Lads, bear your comrade's body to the boat: we'll take it home to his poor mother.—And bring me the anchor and boat-axe: I've a grave to dig here."

The crew lifted Paul's cold and stiffening body on their guns, and slowly moved from the scene of blood; while Simon, accompanied by Mr. English and me, returned to the spot where Cabot expired. At a little distance his prisoner lay bound on the earth, exhausted by her fit of rage, and now awaiting her fate in sullen silence. As he gazed mournfully on the body, he exclaimed, "What shall I say to the child?" " 'Tis his grandson, Sebastian, that he speaks of," whispered Mr. English; "Cabot and he were inseparable. 'Twould have delighted you to have seen the noble dog swimming in the sea with his little friend on his back. He'll take his loss very much to heart."

"Ay!" said Simon to himself, as if in an act of devotion; "through my fault!—through my fault!—through my most

grievous fault ! *I* sent him on the fatal errand. *I* bid him hold her fast, and he did so with the sacrifice of his life. If *I* had left him to stop and turn her at his own discretion, she never could have mangled him thus."

I could not help smiling at the high opinion the old man entertained of his dog's capacity, as *I* walked with Mr. English towards the female prisoner. " *I* am surprised," said he, " that Simon does not take Cabot home also, and bury him in consecrated ground. But let us bring this poor woman to the boat."

Her features now exhibited extreme fear. The Esquimaux are never shown the least mercy by their neighbors, the Canadian Indians, wherever they meet, even when no recent quarrel had occurred ; and, therefore, they shun the warlike red-men with instinctive antipathy : but from *enemies* of any nation they dread destruction as a matter of course ; and now the captive evidently expected nothing less than death as the return for that which she had inflicted. We untied her feet, but leaving her hands still bound, led her to the boat. *I* got to the windward of her as soon as possible, for the rank effluvia of train oil emitted from her dress and her breath, struck on my nerves so forcibly, that it gave me a headache, and other unmentionable symptoms. She was clad in skins. The large cloak which the dog had first seized her by was of bear-skin, worn with the hair inwards, wrapped about the breast, and descending to the middle of the leg. It had also a large falling hood attached, and seemed rather a cumbrous pelisse for July wear. Perhaps there was something of the pride of display connected with the burden ; perhaps mere prudence ; for if it were left at home, (or, more *correctly* speaking, buried near any of their thousand *extempore* encampments), their dogs might scratch it up and eat

t. Besides, as the owner camped out in all weathers, it served for bed, umbrella, tent, tarpaulin, and also, as we afterwards learned, for a nursery. This did not strike us at the time, as the wearer was destitute of the Esquimaux nurse's cradle-boots, hooped inside with whalebone ; a great convenience, which she had probably left behind to hold the child. She now wore a kind of sandals tied on in the Italian mode, but with a greater liberality of skin, serving both for shoes and stockings.

Her inner dress was a jacket and drawers of seal-skin, with the fur outwards ; the former tastefully ornamented with two broad tails which hung one behind and one before, in the shape of the shields that surround the old broadside of *Magna Charta*. Instead of ancient blazonry, she had decorated them with insertion work coinciding with the curve of the outline. Similar braiding was worked along the outer seam of the arm, and a keepsake of scarlet cloth, one inch square, was stitched on the left shoulder. A curiously cut and embroidered pocket of fox-skin hung by a thong round her neck. Her cap was all of a piece in pattern and substance with the jacket : it was, in fact, a continuation of it, terminating in a point on the top of the head, fancifully stuck over with feathers, and strung with beads of glass and bone. The man's dress was somewhat different. He wore a capuchin coat (a kind of close smock-frock with a hood) of seal-skin, which doubly defended him against the cold, by a lining of feathers within. This garment descended to the middle of the thigh. Beneath, trowsers, and five pair of boots (all of seal-skin), defended his lower extremities. Inside all, he wore a kind of shirt, made, as Mr. English told me, of bladders of sea-calf, stitched together with threads formed of the fine nerves of some animal, which the natives expertly ply in their nee-

dles of bone. Both the savages were of a middling stature, robust, and of a brownish color : their ages nearly the same, about thirty. Their complexions had a greasy sallowness that savoured much of the oil of seal and porpoise which they use so liberally. Their heads were large, their faces broad, —their lips thick,—teeth strong and white,—cheek-bones, high, and noses flat ; their hair was long, black, and lank ; their shoulders large, and feet uncommonly small. The woman was much the comelier of the two. Her eyes were black, sparkling, and most unsettled, as if continually measuring means of escape. She submitted to her fate with a very bad grace, and became so unquiet in the boat that it was necessary to tie her feet again.

Simon had contrived to dig a deep grave in which he laid the remains of his faithful follower, and had commenced filling in the earth and stones as Mr. English and I returned to the spot. Suddenly he threw away his tools, and dragged up the body of Cabot again. Grief had effectually checked his loquacity, and we were obliged to ask the meaning of this movement before he afforded us any explanation. "I cannot part with him entirely," said the old man. "I'll bring home his skin to Sebastian for a keepsake. 'Twill make a *couvre-lit* for the poor lonely child." He took a sharp knife from his pocket, and commenced the operation of skinning by an incision along the breast, but speedily exclaimed, "I can't do it ; I feel as if *I* was slaughtering him ! Let some of you take the knife, who don't feel as I do."

Two of his comrades, who were standing by, undertook the work, and Simon looked on for a while with mournful interest. At length, he came close to Mr. English, and asked in a low but earnest tone, "Sir, don't you think 'twould be decent and fitting to say a word of prayer over poor Cabot, before we leave him forever?"

Mr. English was somewhat startled ; but after a little time replied, " There is no form of prayer prescribed for brute animals, Simon."

" Well ! what signifies that ?" said the fisher in a matter-of-fact tone. " I have heard you pray on occasion without book, for fellows that were not worth a cod's head, that ~~eat~~ like cormorants and drank like fishes, and died like boobies, knocked down by death for want of sense to get out of his way !" I, however, prevailed on him to postpone his petition till he arrived at home. He did not quite give Mr. English, for on a hint from him of the propriety of affording burial to the body of the savage that lay beside us, he replied roughly, " Let it lie there ! His fellows will return, I'll engage, for the sake of his boots, and they may eat him if they will, for what I care." So saying, he threw Cabot's skin over his shoulder, and having seen his body fairly interred, and a large stone rolled over his grave, he gathered up the bow and arrows of the slain Esquimaux, and returned to the boat.

These were the only remaining trophies ; for the routed party had contrived to carry off the two empty canoes.— They were very small compared to similar weapons of the red tribes of North America. The islanders have little choice of woods for their purpose. The bow was composed of a species of fir (probably larch or spruce,) in three pieces ; not on the principle of compensation well known to the old English archers, who glued together entire lengths of yew and lance-wood, to balance elasticity by toughness ; but simply to make up the requisite length of the weapon, as if their knowledge of carpentry did not enable them to cut out a single piece of the proper size. The parts were attached by *thongs* made out of the sinews of the deer, which had been

cut up fresh, and bound on tightly over the entire bow: these in drying had shrunk exceedingly, and imparted to the wretched sticks a degree of strength and spring that made the weapon tolerably effective.

Our crew had evidently lost much of their zeal for the civilization project, by the melancholy death of their comrade. After a short consultation, it was determined to steer homewards, to inter the body of Paul, and secure their prisoner. Accordingly, we hoisted sail, and descended the river, placing the prisoner and her cloak as much to leeward as possible. As we retraced our course along the bay, I was struck with the great alteration of tempers and manners in my companions; so different from what they had been as we entered these wild scenes. Then all was hope and gaiety: not even the habitual economy of the pipe (prompting the propriety of smoking continuously once it was lighted) could restrain their lively narratives and repartees. Simon had been particularly vivacious. Now he, as well as they, sat smoking in sober sadness, occasionally turning their eyes towards the corpse that lay at their feet, and turning away their noses in unconcealed disgust, whenever a whiffling wind came back from the poor prisoner. Were it not for the promised bounty, and the presence of Mr. English and myself, I am inclined to think that she would at least have been tossed overboard like many an odd-fish-looking creature that boded bad luck to affrighted fishermen, as they labored in their vocation with all the superstition and ignorance incident to its solitude and danger: caring little what loss science might sustain, so they ward off ill-luck themselves. My friend English and I had the conversation all to ourselves, and I recollect that even we spoke in whispers; so infectious is melancholy: the shores looked more bleak

and barren, the breeze and surf chilled us as we sat listlessly beneath their influence, and the breakers seemed to strike more sharply against the rocks, as our open ears unconsciously admitted their ill-omened burthen. At last our thoughts received a sudden turn by Simon starting up and exclaiming in anger, "Where's Cabot's skin? I brought it into the boat. Who has dared to throw it out?"

"It's all safe," said one of the fishers, "I stowed it away snug in the bear-skin cloak there."

"Damn your eyes!" cried Simon fiercely. "How dare you roll *up his* skin in that carrion hide, which is enough to rot the plank it lies on? Shake it out, you lubber, and hang it to air, if you wouldn't rouse him out of his grave to chop your head off!"

"No offence?" said the fisher, "I meant all in kindness. I didn't think the skin was so touchy."

Nothing further occurred to check our voyage home. The female was by common consent given in care to Mr. English, who gladly undertook to teach her whatever was possible, and provide for her maintenance. He had her disgusting apparel immediately removed, and replaced with the usual dress of respectable females of the island. I beheld her thus attired next day, when she was presented to the admiral, and recollect thinking her very much humanized, and almost comely: such alteration does dress make; but her dark eyes were very wild and unsettled.

The admiral attended the funeral of Paul, along with our little crew, and a number of islanders, who knew and regretted him. At the head of the procession, Simon led his little grandson in one hand, and Paul's weeping mother in the other. As the ceremony concluded, I overheard Sebastian say to the old man, "I hope the ugly savage woman that

murdered Cabot is to be killed and buried too. I'm sure she deserves it."

"Ay, boy!" replied Simon, "but the admiral gives no bounty for dead vermin."

"I fear," said I, as I shook hands with Mr. English at parting, "the civilization of the natives will go on but slowly. You can't expect any aid from these people. If I don't visit you next season, pray write me word how you succeed with this poor woman." He promised he would, and the admiral's barge soon after brought me back to the ship.

In the winter I left Newfoundland for St. Heliers, with three cargoes of cod for the French market. There I had the satisfaction to receive a letter from my friend English, dated nearly a year after my departure.

"Toulinguet, 4th August, 1818.

* * * * *

"Your prediction is correct. The civilization of the natives goes on very slowly. Our people speak of their researches in the interior as 'an unlucky kind of fishing,' and won't repeat them. My female pupil would wear out the patience of the seven sages. She will attend to nothing: in fact, she is still a savage. I need not assure you that she is treated kindly (indeed more like one of my family than a stranger), but nothing seems to efface the memory of the scene she witnessed on the bank of the River of Exploits. I sometimes endeavor to interest her on that subject, but though I am confident she understands our language to a considerable extent, I cannot yet prevail on her to speak a word of it.—She is shrewd and observing at times, but wants either the will or the power of fixing her mind on any subject requiring *continued* attention. It seems that the Esquimaux shot by *Simon* was a chief, and her husband; that she has left a child

with her tribe ; and that they recognized Paul as a former enemy by his dress. Ursa (the name given to her in jest by a young midshipman of the admiral's party, and since universally adopted by the fishers, who don't trouble their brains about derivations,) has a most powerful propensity to steal ; but her thefts are confined to materials of dress or minor articles of apparel, which, when discovered in her possession, are always found transformed into baby-clothes.— She understood something of sewing when taken prisoner, and it continues to be her only occupation when she thinks she is unobserved. Her bear-skin cloak with the cradle-hood is still stretched on a frame in one of my rooms, which it has completely taken possession of, for none of us can tolerate the effluvia it still retains and dispenses, though the room is well ventilated, and a year has elapsed since the airing process was begun. She evinces a strange apathy to music. The finest airs have been delightfully played and sung in her presence, but she appears as if she heard them not ; though the howling of a dog will attract her attention at any time, for she is quick enough in her perceptions of things that have *habitually* interested her. When left to herself she is at times lively in her motions ; if interrupted, very irritable ; indeed she seems incapable of either long concealing or long entertaining the feeling of anger ; and all her fits of passion generally terminate in a prolonged lamentation for herself or her absent child.

“ Our threats availed nothing to check the petty thefts that Ursa's maternal feelings continually prompted, so we brought her one day to see a thief flogged in the market-place, and to explain the cause of his punishment. She screamed violently, and in the course of the next week made an attempt to escape, evidently anxious to avoid a similar infliction, which

she seems conscious of meriting ; but watchful Simon caught her, and brought her back. He frequently inquires after her proficiency, and is astonished to hear that she does not know her alphabet yet. He recommends me to start her with a rope's end, once or twice a day, and is affronted because I will neither employ it myself nor allow him to use it. He says I am like the dog in the manger. He has never forgotten our difference of opinion respecting Cabot's soul, and shortly after your departure joined the congregation of a rival of mine, a methodist preacher who was formerly a Jersey agent on the island, and is now also a fisher and a schoolmaster. I find it impossible to induce my poor parishioners to pay cheerfully my stipulated fee of one shilling per head per annum ; and as I don't admire quarrelling, I shall very likely make an exchange of parishes shortly ; but not before I do all that is possible for Simon and his comrades by fair means, to render their prize worthy of the admiral's premium. As yet she is altogether ungovernable and useless.

"My rival manages his congregation admirably. He prays and preaches gratuitously, but makes a respectable charge per head for teaching the little sinners their A, B, C. His flag is flying while I write, to summon the elect to his class meeting ; and I see Simon and Sebastian moving on with the rest to luxuriate in his outpourings. He and Simon have struck an average of opinions on the subject of our schism. He admitted, that 'if it pleased Heaven, Cabot *might have had* a soul : ' but Simon insists on this version—' Cabot *may have* a soul, if it pleases Heaven ; ' and the preacher thinks it prudent to acquiesce in the amendment.

"I am informed that two more Esquimaux women have lately been caught by another exploring party in the

interior, and are now under the admiral's care at St. John's."

Home business still prevented my return to Newfoundland, but our Jersey fishers at last brought me the following letter from Mr. English, dated two years after his first communication.

"Toulinguet, 12th August, 1820.

* * * * *

"The admiral visited us during his rounds last month, and appeared much disappointed at the continued intractability of my pupil Ursa. Excepting her increased knowledge of the English language, she is very little altered for the better. He observed that she possesses the same air of distrust, anxiety, and occasional abstraction, which marked the wandering character of her mind when first captured, and which is also common to her two country-women. They are to be sent back to the interior (well furnished with proofs of British liberality) on his return to St. John's.

"He endeavoured to interest Ursa respecting the condition of her own people, for whom he had brought presents of some value, and which she was to be intrusted with; but whatever kindly feelings his generosity excited, were still shrouded beneath the same restless uneasiness, indicative of some powerful train of feelings whose source lay in the past, and which engrossed her whole being. Fear and sorrow were evidently uppermost, and are almost the only emotions she has of late exhibited. Once, and but once, I beheld her moved to sympathy. 'Twas by the sight of an infant in the arms of an Irish lady who came on a visit at the house. She gazed on the child with an absorbing earnestness, that moved the anxiety of the mother for its safety: *but there was nothing to fear.* Ursa with tears in her

eyes explained to her in broken English, that she had left an infant of a similar age with her tribe when she was captured, for whom she had never ceased to grieve.

"On the first of this month, I embarked with Simon and his five comrades to convey this poor creature to the district where we had found her three years ago, and where we hoped to fall in with some of her countrymen, on whom the sight of her wealth, and the account she could give of her good treat treatment, might produce their natural effect on a race so needy, and at the same time so distrustful, as the Esquimaux. Her cloak was now delivered to her along with the admiral's gifts; and even her baby-clothes were restored, that no unfavorable impression might remain on her memory. The greater part of the voyage she was obstinately silent, and seemed under the influence of recollections that agitated her violently. I endeavored to cheer her, but she shook her head and answered not. I asked her if she were ill? if she were sorry to return to her tribe? if I could yet do any thing for her comfort? She at last replied in a tone of fearful energy, "Nothing! nothing!" indicative of such determined self-reliance or self-abandonment, that I gave up the attempt in utter hopelessness.

"At last we entered the River of Exploits, and put ashore at the same little rushy harbour near where the fight had occurred. I thought it imprudent to excite her feelings by taking her thither again; but a general feeling of curiosity, in which she strongly participated, and our anxiety to discover any late tracks of the wandering natives, with whom we might now hope to open an intercourse under more favourable circumstances, led us on to the very ground where we left her husband unburied three years ago. Nothing now remained of the slain Esquimaux, but the spot was

well marked by nature in the luxuriant herbage that sprung from earth which had imbibed the life-blood of two human beings. A small rock lay beside it and further on a second, in Cabot's grave. The moment Ursa reached that little patch of verdure in the midst of barrenness, she became convulsed with feelings whose intensity was too great for endurance. She struggled for utterance, and, bursting into a loud and piteous scream, fell to the earth amongst us. We hastily raised her, and supported her on the large stone, while one of the men ran back for some water, which he brought in his hat; but she could not sit, she could not speak, she could not breathe!—that piercing cry was the last sound she uttered. We felt her pulse, but not a single beat was found: the cold water dashed in her face did not send one throb back to her heart; it was cold and motionless too, and we saw with dismay that we held a corpse in our arms! Simon stood aghast! "D——tion!" he exclaimed; "the bounty's lost with her! All's gone! Ben, Paul, Cabot,—and all through these infernal savages!" He cocked his gun, stepped up hastily on the rock, and looked long and steadily around him, as if for some object on which to wreak his vengeance, or by which to retrieve his loss: but nothing appeared in the distance; and declining to give us any further aid, he went and sat in silence on the stone of Cabot's grave.

"We bore the body back to the boat, and soon after Simon slowly joined us. We returned hither immediately, and next day deposited poor Ursa's remains in the churchyard, in a grave which happened to be dug close to the spot where we laid those of Ben and Paul three years ago. Simon exclaimed strenuously against the profanation of burying a heathen like her in consecrated ground, and be-

side *them*, the victims of her husband's ferocity. I tried the argument of christian charity with him :—in vain. He said that Ursa was "neither a christian or a neighbor," and was positive she had no claim to charity from us. A hint, however, of the probability of the admiral's displeasure, and the total withdrawal of the bounty in consequence, silenced him at last.

"Immediately on my return, I wrote to St. John's, and received in answer from the admiral a singular account of the termination of the expedition to restore to their tribes the two native women who had been educated under his own eye. On reaching the place in their route across the island where they had both been taken prisoners about two years ago, one of them fell dead! (what a strong coincidence?) and the other obstinately refused to proceed, and finally returned with the escort. She will explain nothing further than that she is afraid her tribe would kill her!

"The admiral's opinion now is, that the hereditary antipathy of the Esquimaux to the European settlers is such, that they forbid any intercourse with them under pain of death. If this be the case, our labour is fruitless."

* * * * *

It was in autumn, two years after the date of this letter, that I had an opportunity of again visiting Newfoundland. A Jersey trader brought me to St. John's, and a coaster carried me thence to Toulinguet, where I had some business to transact. I found that my friend English had left this parish, and had been appointed to one in New Brunswick. Here I saw old Simon as active and loquacious as ever, and Sebastian, now grown a fine stout lad and a daring fowler. The first thing his grandfather showed me was Cabot's skin still lying on Sebastian's bed. It had been

most carefully preserved, and retained the beautiful black hair, whose glossy curl I had so much admired years ago. Two more Esquimaux bows and quivers decorated the walls of their hut, which, on my inquiry, the young fellow told me, in rather a chuff way, he had got last winter from a native party off Straight Coast.

"Did they give them to you?" said I.

"No," replied the boy carelessly as he left the room, "I got them in exchange for powder and shot."

Five years had made a surprising difference in his stature, look, and voice. He spoke little, but most energetically. His eyes were dark, and deep-set beneath heavy over-hanging brows; and these were surmounted by a beetling forehead. His head was remarkably broad between the ears, which stood boldly forward, full in view, as if to catch the slightest sound that was uttered in his presence. His whole aspect was stern and ardent, and left an impression on me that I did not easily forget. Its expression was of that cast which indicated conscious power and readiness to compare, determine, and speedily execute whatever was resolved on. There was also a contempt of trifling, and a capability of remembering injuries, too strongly marked to be overlooked or mistaken. His grandfather assured me that it took up the greatest part of his time to watch over him, to keep him out of danger, and restrain his impetuosity. I had remarked three deep scars on the boy's forehead, and one on his cheek: these Simon told me he had received from the gannets of Magdalen Islands last year in lightening the rocks of a boat-load of eggs. "Twas well I was there," said he, "for the blood blinded him, and he missed his footing and fell into the sea about twenty feet below. The spiteful screaming things still

darted at him in the water, as if they'd pick his bones ; and I had to shoot some of them before they'd let me haul him out. He's going again in the Grampus in a day or two, and I must go with him too, or they won't leave an eye in his head."

"'Tis fortunate," said I, "that our courses lie together. I have particular business at Prince Edward's Island, and will be glad to accompany you, and see your method of fowling on the rocks."

Simon cheerfully engaged to take me by his usual northern route, and we appointed the next morning but one (wind and weather permitting) for the voyage. Accordingly, having despatched my business in the interim, I once more took my seat at break of day beneath the Grampus that still fluttered grimly in the old mainsail, with store of powder and shot, and an excellent detonating double-barrelled fowling-piece that I had brought from Jersey. Simon took it up as he came on board, in the way that a trumpeter of the heavy dragoons might vouchsafe to handle a child's penny whistle—condescendingly laid it alongside his old duck gun—and shook his head most hopelessly as he discovered by actual admeasurement that both my barrels taken together would only equal the length of his ! I was rather piqued at the old fellow's inference, and entered into a statement of some late experiments in England on the various lengths of barrels, and their disproportionate ranges. Simon shook his head still more incredulously at the new-fangled notions of the old-world sportsmen ; and at last clearly convinced me that he was too old to admit a new idea, and that in his case I must be contented with the exhibition of the very *opposite state* of the human intellect—that which gratifies *itself with pouring out all the notions it had acquired previous to the age of forty.*

He and Sebastian formed my only companions. The old man explained the cause in a whisper, as the boy shook out the jib, and made ready for sea. "When I was a young fellow, I always found that my playfellows led me into danger that I would't have faced without company; so I persuaded Sebastian that 'tis more courageous and profitable to go alone: for he and I are all one. Ah!" continued he with a sigh, "Cabot's qualities are only granted to him in part as yet. He has got all his courage without his caution. He'd fight a shark in the water with a diver's toothpick * if I'd let him, out of downright carelessness of life. So I go to keep watch on him, now that Cabot's gone."

We had a fine easterly breeze that morning, before which we scudded along at a delightful rate. We soon doubled Cape St. John, where the French coast commences. Head- and after headland was passed in quick succession; and thinly scattered fishing-huts peeped out here and there from creeks and coves, like out-posts of civilization thrown on land to secure the wealth of ocean. The tall scaffolds—some forty feet high—stood in picturesque array beside the cottages in many places, rising like watch-towers high above the perpendicular rocks on which they were erected, when the scanty strand below did not allow the careful planters room to dry their fish in safety there. The day passed away before my eyes were tired of the wild scenery presented to them along this coast, which was quite new to me, and appeared strangely savage after having feasted my sight

* A short stick, sharp at both ends—the weapon by which the pearl-fishers in California baffle their powerful enemy in his own element. As the shark opens his mouth to bite, the diver thrusts his stick in perpendicularly, holding it by the middle: the jaws close on the points, and the man withdraws his hand in safety and triumph.

for the last five years on the luxuriant shores, and splendid castles, towns, and villas of the English Channel. The sun set, and still the steady gale swelled the sails, and displayed the picturesque Grampus in the moonlight as the orb rose trembling over the waves. The weather was so fine, and the wind so favorable, that we agreed to stand out well from shore, and take rest alternately as well as we could. The old man was prevailed on to "turn in" to his boat-cloak and take the first nap, while Sebastian and I kept watch: he soon snored soundly.

"Is there any hope alive," said I to the lad, "of still civilizing these 'wild natives'?"

"No! no!" replied he; "not on our side of the island, at least. We have suffered dearly by them; and if ever I forget or forgive!"

"Mr. English had great patience with that poor woman."

"Mr. English was a great fool to think to change a crab into a flying fish. He took three years to find out what any one might have known in three days, and what even I (child as I was) became certain of in three weeks—that she was a mere savage, and that no good could be expected of her by fair means. My grandfather might have known it too, if his hope of a share of the 100*l.* had'nt blinded his judgment. If I had had the care of her, I would have starved her into obedience; or, if she had continued obstinate to the month's end, shot her to save time."

"Would you have murdered the poor creature?" said I in astonishment.

"Yes!" said he calmly, "if my grandfather had let me, as readily as I would a shark or a polecat. I don't know *what* any of these pestilent vermin are good for, except to *destroy* fish and game, and devour them raw."

“ And pray what good do you do in the world ? What right would *you* plead to your life, if her tribe displayed a similar readiness to take it ? ”

“ Let them take it when they can ! replied he with a fierce short laugh of derision. “ I value not my life, and I value not theirs. Whilst I am above the waves, I live to comfort the old man, and to revenge my father ! ”

“ Revenge is not a Christian frame of mind, young man. ”——

“ I get enough of preaching on the island,” said he, cutting me short ; and as I did not foresee any beneficial result from proceeding in this strain, I did not renew it. “ What a task a preacher must have,” thought I, “ to make his sermon work for good on one of the hundreds who *appear* to listen to it, ignorant as he must be of the under-current of their thoughts ! This young scapegrace thinks vengeance a virtue ; and may I be hanged instead of him, if I known how to ‘ put in ’ an argument that will touch him. ”

Early the next day we doubled Cape Bauld, and stood into the Straits of Belle-isle. Here we feel in with a magnificent iceberg, glittering in the morning sunshine, and glowing with all the hues of the rainbow. The ice was brightly crystalline, and the side next to us freshly broken. It was the fragment of a huge floating mountain from Davis Strait, which had been wrecked and shattered in the dangerous embrace of some gigantic nymph of the North Pole, as they sported on the azure fields of ocean, and yielded but it yet remains for some mightier poet to do justice to the chaste yet melting Loves of the Icebergs.

It floated by a pile of picturesque beauty, strongly resembling a Gothic cathedral. The pointed cavern, worn by the dashing waves below, yawned like portals around the

base ; shivered splinters stood like buttresses to guard the front sides, and their points bristled up into pinnacles : more dense and elevated masses rose into towers, lanterns, and steeples ; whilst the precipitous and glassy walls shone with brilliant reflexions that completed the architectural similitude. All at once this splendid floating mountain stood firm as a rock (grounded in water whose depth must have been double its immense height) ; and as the resounding billows now beat louder against its fretted base, I almost fancied I could hear the swelling murmur of thousands, whose voices joined in some measured psalmody, while at times the groaning organ drowned “ the busy hum of men ” in its stormy burthen.

I watched this ocean palace with unceasing interest as we rounded Cape Norman, while the increasing distance heightened the illusion. The sunless side now came gradually in view, and I was admiring the shadows which strongly marked each deep recess between the towering buttresses, when my “ fancy’s sketch ” was hastily dispelled by the eager and most imploring tone of Sebastian, who was at the helm ;—“ O ! dear grandfather ! there they are ! now remember your promise ! ”

Right ahead appeared seven Esquimaux in canoes of the exact description we had encountered on the River of Exploits five years before. They had just put out of Boat Harbour, at the northern extremity of the old Indian path, and seemed taking advantage of a fair wind to paddle across the strait to either Green or Red Bay on the Labrador shore. “ Stay, child,” said Simon ; “ don’t be rash ? You need not cross them. You can stand into shore out of their way. You ought to be well satisfied. Remember the two who fell last winter ! ”

"No, no!" replied the boy earnestly; "they were only slain in my own defence. Paul and Cabot are but half avenged. And my father! my father!—he still haunts my dreams unappeased."

"Nay, be cautious!" said the old fisher as he undid the sealskin cover of his gunlock. "Our passenger here may be brought into danger. Yet 'tis no harm to be prepared."

"If you fear their arrows," said Sebastian to me, "lie down in the bottom of the boat, and we'll spread the cloaks over you."

"Are you going to attack them unprovoked?" said I to Simon.

"No," replied he, "not without provocation. We received sufficient at their hands five years ago to prevent us forgetting it so soon. This boy lost his father by them, my only son; and you saw our double loss afterwards, on the river side, as we went to offer the murderers the right hand of fellowship. Yet, dear boy, not for their sakes, but your own, avoid this needless danger. Mark how wildly they toss their paddles, and shout to each other, and gather into a squadron!"

"It appears to me," said I, "that they recognize the boat and its mainsail. Perhaps these are some of the party that you encountered twice before?"

"If they be," exclaimed Simon, losing sight of all his prudential advice, "let *them* look to it. Bear down on them, my boy!"

"Will you help us?" asked Sebastian joyfully.

"Certainly, if need be, if they attack us," I replied, putting a couple of detonating caps on my fowling-piece. We were now close upon their little fleet, which lay to as if to receive us, with their prows sharp in the wind, yet all

formed in line (as if preparing to attack a sleeping whale), so as to enable them to get a full view and fair aim at us as we held on our course, and at the same time to paddle free of each other.

Simon sat in the stern of the boat, with his gun cocked in his hand, frowning sternly as he gazed on their hostile array. The fixed expression of his features, as he came within their view, was scornful and severe; reminding me of the unalterable bearing of some figure-head of a triton, the carved beau-ideal of ocean heroism, engrafted so long since on my memory that I forget how or where. 'Twas the undisguised portrait of defiance—deriving not a little of its formidable aspect from the black sealskin cap he wore. That instant I remembered 'twas Paul's cap! his keepsake as he lay bleeding to death! That very instant an Esquimaux seemed to recognize it also. He shouted in a voice hurried by fear and rage, some jargon, in which his fellows joined as he pointed at the unlucky cap. All at once each loosened his harpoon from the deck, and grasped it with the dexterity of a man accustomed to strike his game at a moment's notice. We were on the alert. Sebastian instantly changed his course, steered right on the end of their line of battle (which broke up as if struck by a black squall), and at that moment, while they shook their weapons to hurl at us, we fired at those nearest with steady aim. Sebastian mortally wounded his man. The dart dropped from his hand, his head sank on his shoulder, his body drooped to one side, and the canoe in which he was tied turned with it, and thus quickly drowned him despite his struggles. Both my barrels took effect; but being loaded with shot, the charges spread, shattered two canoes, and disabled their owners. The skins with which these boats were covered

were pierced through and through in front: the water poured in ; the prows in which their feet were stowed sank ; but the afterpart of each, still buoyant with air, floated, and sustained the wounded savages. Simon's duck-gun had done equal execution. He had levelled at two enemies whom he took in file : one fell on his face on the deck of his canoe, whilst his arms sank helplessly into the water on each side of it ; the other appeared stunned and motionless, and his canoe slowly sinking. An Esquimaux, who had not been near enough to discharge his harpoon, was seen, as the smoke dispersed, paddling back to land with all his might ; whilst the seventh and last who had escaped our shot was found endeavoring to extricate his harpoon, which had stuck in the gunwale as he flung it at me from behind, and from mere habit had left it attached by the running line to his reel on deck. Sebastian, who spied him first, seized the boat-axe to cut him down ; but the dexterous Esquimaux instantly paddled backward, cut the line, and escaped after his comrade towards the shore.

All this passed so rapidly, that we had not time to exchange a word. A glance suffices to gather in a scene which it takes pages to describe. Simon and I had been engaged in recharging our guns, and he was now endeavoring to get a fair shot at the last of the fugitives. The man who had been stunned by his first fire now gradually revived, as the oozing water filled his ruined canoe ; and as it slowly sank under the bow of the Grampus, he lifted his spear against his destroyer with all the energy of hatred and despair. I called out to Simon, " Look ahead !" in a tone of voice that I thought would have been sufficient to rouse him to stare his danger in the face. But all his faculties were, at that moment absorbed in pulling the trigger at his

distant, flying foe. Simon dropped his gun, and fell back with a faint cry, more of surprise than pain. Sebastian started forward to encounter the unexpected enemy; but nothing was now to be seen above the water except his grim and death-like visage, and the upraised hand that had thrown the harpoon; and ere the furious boy could hurl his axe, the wave closed over both forever.

Simon lay insensible. The spear had fallen out, and he now bled profusely. On removing the unfortunate cap, we saw that the weapon had cut deep. We bound up the wound, but I had no hope of his recovery. "Now," said his grandson, putting about the helm, and standing into shore after the fugitive canoe, "now to finish our work!"

"I will not fire at another man, unless in immediate self-defence," I replied firmly. "If you are determined to commit murder, you must do it alone."

"And thank God," said he, with a laugh of savage joy, "I am able to do it alone!" So saying, he put on Simon's blood-stained cap with an air of defiance that bespoke eternal hostility to the nation of the slayers of his fathers.

And now our swelling sails gained fast on the wearied paddles. Sebastian, meantime, had loaded both his guns with ball. I kept mine in readiness, watching the event, and really dreading my companion in his vengeful mood far more than the poor savage who fled before us. It was evidently Sebastian's object to get between the canoe and the shore; and lest the sinewy arm of the Esquimaux should attain shallow first, he fired the long duck-gun at its greatest range. The ball took effect, the poor fellow started in his seat, and the canoe fell over to the left. A swing of the paddle in his right hand brought both him and the canoe erect again, and with that hand alone he feebly urged his

kiff to the beach. We approached him rapidly, and I could discern blood streaming from his left shoulder. Sebastian's second shot now struck him : the paddle dropped from his grasp forever ; the drifting canoe was shaken into the trough of the wave, and, no longer balanced by the alternate and easy dip of the paddle, combining steadiness with swiftness, soon upset with its freight.—No further struggle was visible ; and by the time we came alongside, it floated bottom upwards.

" I'll take his weapons from the deck," said the exulting conqueror, " to hang up at home with two bows and quivers," seizing the boat-hook, and dragging the canoe (in which the body was tied, like all the others) into its former upright position ; when, to my astonishment and horror, I saw that it only held a bleeding headless trunk, and in another minute a white shark rose to the surface, and kept playing around, expecting the remainder of its banquet.

" Are you satisfied ?" said I to the boy, as he stood silently gazing on the sickening sight.

" Satisfied !" repeated he. " The darts and harpoon are lost. What more remains for me to do ?"

" Nothing," I replied sternly, " unless to join your blood-thirsty fellow-playmate there in the feast you have prepared."

The boy stared at me, then at the weltering corse—again encountered my steadfast frown ; finally he sat down abashed, and resumed the helm in silence. We reached Prince Edward's Island late that night, and next day saw Simon's remains deposited in the grave—" ashes to ashes, dust to dust !"

"*My Own's the Best.*" Every man is pleased with himself, and sees deformity and ugliness in others, who repay him the compliment in the same coin. *Tall men* thank their stars that they are not short, and likely to be lost in a crowd.—*Short men* are happy that they can escape many thumps on the head on entering doors of contracted dimensions, and that they are in no danger of spoiling their head dress by coming in contact with the roof of the coach. The *fat man* thinks there is something jolly, and corporation like, in his frame; while the living skeleton would not carry about such an unwieldy protuberance for the world. The *fat man* tells the thin one he is a *walking thread paper*, a ramrod for a cannon, and may be blown away. The *lean* one retorts that Mr. *Tunbelly* is a mere *animated hog's head*, and laughs to see with what difficulty he gets through the crowd, or clears the *postesses* in the field. Ugly men are well pleased with themselves. He that has a face that would frighten "the fair young bride," thanks God he is not marked with small pox. Another, whose face is furrowed and marked like a *county map*, is exceeding happy that he has not the nose of such a one, only fit to be the *index* of a *sun dial*. The *handsome* man is wonderfully pleased with his fine form, while little *hump back* and *bandy legs* praises the Lord. he cannot be called a *fortune hunter*.

Young and *old* are equally pleased with themselves. The young pride themselves in health, agility, and all the pleasing hopes which attend that period of life. The gentleman who has passed his *grand climateric*, bids every one mark how well he *bears his years*—asks if they ever knew so healthy a looking an old man, and in all his stories adds ten or a dozen years to his age.—Before a certain time we wish

to conceal our age. After sixty we are fond of revealing it, and give ourselves credit for a few more years. A maiden aunt of mine was so pleased at having survived the frost of her *sixty fifth* year that she has lived *fifteen years more* in a few months—and if she escapes the present season, intends next spring to make a dash at *ninety seven*—and bids me attend to the circumstance, should I survive her ; but I think it a cursed sin, to tell a lie upon the plate of a coffin. If, however, she will oblige me by dying next year and will be content with seventy-three or four, well and good, if not—I say no more.

Why then all this grumbling and growling about our situations ? Every man, I repeat it, is pleased with his own—nay we even glory in our diseases. No man but thinks his *gout* a more dignified and respectable disorder than the *rheumatism* : and the possessor of a cough is well pleased, as it subjects him to kind enquiries. I know two men who had the misfortune to dislocate each a shoulder, and the dispute between them is, which met with the accident in the most genteel way. The one fell from his horse in a deer hunt—the other received a blow from a heavy Virginian ham which a cartman was tossing from his cart into a shop. The former of course insists upon the dignity of his fall, and very properly thinks it is beneath a man of courage to die by a *ham*.

The following anecdote is strictly applicable to this principle.

A *highwayman* and *chimney sweep* were to be hanged at the same time ; when they came to the place of execution the highwayman pushed poor *Sooterkin* out of the way, and bid him keep his distance. *Sooterkin*, with proper spirit, replied, “ D—n me if I do ; I have as *good a right* to be here as you.”—*Bell's Life in New York*.

Anecdote. Not many years since, in Liverpool, as a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church yard gates, the gentleman stopped his fair comrade with the following unexpected address :—" Mary, during our courtship, I have told you *most* of my mind, but not *all* my mind ; when we are married, I shall insist upon three things." " What are they ?" asked the astonished lady. " In the first place," says he, " I shall lie alone ; secondly, I shall eat alone ; and lastly, I shall find fault when there is no occasion : can you submit to these conditions ?—" " O yes, sir, very easily," she replies, " for if you lie alone, *I shall not* ; if you eat alone, I shall *eat first* ; and as to finding fault when there is no occasion, that I think, may be prevented, for I will take care that you shall *never want occasion*." They were married, and the writer of this wishes them much happiness.

Historical doubts. An auctioneer at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with the following candid observation :—" This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder ; but whether he was a brass or iron founder, I cannot tell !"

Anecdote of Daniel Webster. During one of the college vacations, he and his brother returned to their father's in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then, resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, " What's the matter, Dan ?" " My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered His father fixed it, and Dan went to work

again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and it was again tinkered. But it was not long before it wanted fixing again; and the father said in a pet, “Well, hang it to suit yourself.” Daniel with great composure hung it on the next tree; and putting on a grave countenance said, “It hangs very well; I am perfectly satisfied.”—*Essayist*.

Grammatical age of women. “Why,” said our facetious friend Rogers, a few evenings since, at Holland house, “is Lady J— like a young grammarian?” because in the words of Tom Moore,

—“She is just in that season at present
When *women’s declension* begins.

Taken by surprise. At the time when Mr. Peale was exhibiting his beautiful picture of the Court of Death in Boston, he sent the late Rev. Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was inscribed, “Admit the bearer to the Court of Death;” the old gentleman never having heard of the picture, was utterly confounded—“I expected to go before long,” said he,—“but I was not prepared for so *abrupt* a summons.”

A man going in a cart to be hanged, was told he might live, he would marry a certain vixen of a women. Like a man of sense, he said, “Let me look at her first.” When brought forward, he eyed her: “Sharp nose! thin lips! red hair!” exclaimed he—“drive on, Jack!”

Rev. Mr. Peabody and the Indian. In the course of the Rev. Mr. Peabody of Natick's ministry, there was a long and severe drought, which induced him to offer public prayers for rain. Among others he made use of the following words in one of these prayers. "May the bottles of heaven be unstopped, and a plentiful supply of rain be poured down upon the thirsty earth." It very soon began to rain, and continued for many days in succession, before it ceased; an Indian met Mr. P. and observed, "I believe them are bottles you talk about, be unstopped and the stopples be lost."

Hang together if you would not hang separately!—Richard Penn, one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania, under the old regime, probably the most deservedly popular,—in the commencement of the revolution, (his brother John being at that time governor) was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential whigs; and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed, that such was the crisis, "they must all *hang together*." "If you do not, gentlemen," said Mr. Penn, "I can tell you, that you will be very apt to *hang separately*."

A Palpable Hit. Mr. R. of the Chancery bar, asked an M. P. better known by his desultory and dull speeches than by his wit or argument, if he intended to come into parliament in the ensuing session. "Why," replied the Dullard, "I do not know that I have *calibre* enough for the *house of commons*," "Calibre," said R. "I know nothing of your calibre, but you have bore enough for any thing."

The Divorce. A married couple determined to be divorced; but not being able to agree, with respect to the disposition of the children, referred the dispute to an aunt, to whose arbitration they respectively agreed to submit. "We have *three* children," said the husband, "I insist upon keeping *two*;" the third shall be left to the care of the mother." "But I," said the mother, "have a right to *two*; the care of one will be more than sufficient for you." "There is no way of settling this dispute," said the aunt, with the true gravity of a Judge, "but by waiting for the birth of a *fourth* child, you can then separate upon *equal terms*." This decision restored good humor. The contending parties *embraced*, and the idea of a divorce was forgotten.

A Monster. Dr. Franklin, with a party of his friends, were overtaken by bad weather on one of the West-India islands, (which they had put into on a voyage to Europe,) and took shelter in a public house, kept by a foreigner. Upon their requesting that more wood might be brought and put on the fire, the inhuman brute of a landlord ordered his sickly wife to go out in the storm and bring it! while a young sturdy negro wench stood by doing nothing! When asked, why he did not send the girl, rather than his wife, he replied, 'That wench is worth £80 and if she should catch cold, and die, it would be a great loss to me; but, if my wife dies, I can get another, and perhaps money into the bargain.'

THE TEA-POT GENTLEMAN.

Nothing has been more frequently remarked than the absurd and insufficient data on which foreigners form their no-

tions of national characteristics. These are too often founded on some slight trait of individual peculiarity, and frequently on some deception expressly practised, and which certain gullible travellers catch at, and get hooked upon, like fish springing at artificial flies.

Rather a whimsical instance of this kind of error happened to a friend of mine—himself so fond of whimsical oddities, that I only wonder he has not already told the story to the public, in his own truly clever and humorous style.

This gentleman once received a commission—not military but civil—from an acquaintance of his, an elderly young lady, who lived in single blessedness at Versailles, within twelve miles of Paris. Like most English females of her time of life, she was particularly fond of tea—that genuine refresher for fading hopes and disappointed expectation—that best companion for loneliness of heart—and liquid representative of those ‘black spirits and green,’ which alone can neutralize the sickly tints of yellow melancholy and blue devils. This maiden had been sadly annoyed for some years with manifold varieties of tea-pots, of silver, delf and porcelain, all of French manufacture, but of most uncouth and unseemly shapes, fit indeed for any purpose on earth, rather than the ornamenting of a breakfast table, or the distillation of tea. In this dilemma she entreated my friend to purchase for her, on his next trip to France, a tea-pot of the particular composition called queen’s metal, unrivalled for its power of extracting the very quintessence of the essence of that vivifying leaf in which she rejoiced. My friend, always obliging and gallant, but somewhat dilatory, entered Exeter ‘Change but a few minutes before the departure of the Dover mail, in which he had secured a place; and anxious to make the best choice, he looked from

to counter—turned round and round, as he said ‘just like a tea-*totum*, in search of a tea-*pot*.’

At length suited himself, and paid half a guinea for the purchase, he hastened to the Angel Inn, St. Clement, took possession of his place in the mail; and all his goods and travelling bag, being already packed up in the mail, he put his tea-pot into what he facetiously called *the pocket*, that is to say, one of the pockets of the coach. My friend slept soundly till he arrived at Dover, where he took his breakfast, having proved and tried the virtue of the tea-pot, and knowing the manufacture it was composed of, and that it was prohibited in France, his fertile and contraband mind soon devised an expedient for getting it through the custom-house at Calais.

A specimen of sea-sick passengers has been from time to time served up for the public amusement—but never ‘so sick, so sad, so woe-begone,’ exhibited on the stage, in sad reality, as this gentleman on the day of his voyage. He had the true tea-green hue of suffering on board, and looked the very illustration of a breathing tea-pot that tottered out of the packet, tea-pot in hand.

“*Alors ! Monsieur, est tres malade ?*” inquired the keen and passionate officer of customs, sharply eyeing my friend. He spoke, quietly and cunningly feeling round his pocket with one hand, and taking hold of his tea-pot with the

other—“*Yes—oui—tres sick, very malade—very very malade, ’pon my life—d’ye hear, don’t you see—tea-pot, give me my tayere, s’il vous plait—if you can see.*”

“*As possible—c’est prohibé, Monsieur.*”

“*Impossible !—the devil it isn’t—but you must give it*

me for all that, *mon ami*, unless you'd commit murder! it's infected—poisoned—what d'ye think of that. It contains my ptisan—poisonous ptisan—arsenic, hellebore, and hemlock, mixed—death to any other man, life to me—'pon my life it's true—so now, give me the tea-pot, like a good fellow—I faint for a drink.”

“Ma foi, you say true, indeed!” cried the custom-house officer, in amphibious English. “You do live on poison, indeed—you are ver ill-looking! Take your tayere, and drink your poison, my dear Saar, 'tis trop vrai, I see.”

“Looking very ill, you spooney,” cried my friend, “don't you know the difference, and be damned to you!” And he walked off without any fear of the officer going the *same way* that he did.

Well—the baggage was hurried through the custom-house—the places secured in the diligence—my friend in his seat—the tea-pot carefully deposited in his side-pocket—and opposite to *our* traveller was another, a French gentleman, who had also come down in the Dover mail, and had been busily employed on the road, taking notes (of admiration or interrogation no doubt) in a little common-place book, which he carried constantly in his hand.

Arrived the next evening at Paris, coaches were again exchanged, and my friend was soon transplanted into the Versailles stage, with his old companions, the French note-taker and the metal tea-pot, for which he really began to conceive a sort of travelling affection. When the coach stopped at the door of his female friend, he got out, tea-pot once more in hand, made his adieus to his fellow travellers, his salutation to his fair hostess, delivered the treasure into *her* keeping, told the arsenic artifice by which he eluded the Calais Customs, took copious cups of the bright beverage

distilled in his own alembic, went back to Paris, laid in a rich store of whim and comicality, and soon after arrived in London.

Three years passed over the head of my friend, touching as lightly, and polishing it as gently, as the hand of his pinster acquaintance polished and preserved the uninjured surface of the memorable tea-pot, which was long since banished from his memory. One day, about the expiration of the period I mention, my friend went to dine at the house of a friend of *his*. He arrived somewhat beyond the time appointed, and even after the extra half-hour which prescription allows as a privilege of the cook. A party of eight or ten persons were assembled in the drawing-room. My friend entered, paused a moment on the outside, to make those little irresistible, and I might add, after all, *imperceptible* adjustments of wristbands, collar, and side curls, which not one man in a hundred—(not even my friend, though he is a man in a *thousand*,) ever enters a drawing-room without stopping to make. No sooner had he followed into the room the servant's announcement of his name, and just as he advanced to make his bow to the hostess and shake hands with the host, than a tall, black-haired, whiskered personage, rushed between him and the legitimate object of his earliest salutations, and with most vehement exclamations, half French, half English, he seized my friend in his brawny arms, hugged him almost to suffocation, and imprinted two burning kisses on his blushing and unaccustomed cheeks.

“ Ah, mon Dieu, My God! Is it you, Saar—Est ce vous, Monsieur? Est il possible—is it possible.? Que je suis enchanté de vous revoir! that I am enchanted to once more see you again over and over. Mon homme de la *tayere*—*My tea-pot gentleman*. Est ce vrai? Is it a true, not lie?

Oh que je suis content de vous embrasser ? That I am ver much glad and content to hug you in my arm ! My dear tea-pot gentleman !”

You may fancy the surprise of the lady of the house and her husband and the other guests, but it would puzzle a poet to imagine that of my imprisoned and astonished friend. He struggled, kicked, and plunged, in vain efforts to extricate himself from his strong-armed, and warm hearted assailant. He answered every embrace by a jerk, and every exclamation by an oath. He lost all observance of manner and temper, and loudly called on his host to give him protection. This gentleman, paralyzed by astonishment and convulsed with laughter, only added to the vexation of my irritated friend. The loud bursts of merriment irresistibly excited in the whole party of lookers on, was a proper accompaniment to the comicality of the situation, and the dialogue between the chief actors thus went on.

“What the deuce do you mean, I say—’Pon my life and soul, this is too bad—who the devil are you? Let me go, do then !”

“Ah, mon Dieu, my God ! You do not remember ?”

“Never saw you before in all my born days !”

“Vous me never see before, never ! I who went before you from London to Dover, from Calais to Paris, and from Paris to Versailles ! Que je suis charme de vous rencontre !”

“Damn your rencontre—take your black whiskers out of my mouth, and be cursed to you, do—or ’pon my life and soul—!”

“De tayere !—de tea-pot ! You not remember ?”—

“The fellow’s mad—’pon my life, stark mad ! Pray protect me—a straight waistcoat here,—send for a surgeon—he’s squeezing me to death—’pon my life he is !”

"My God, *mon Dieu* ! What I *have* suffered on your account !"

"What I *do* suffer on your account !"

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu* ! my principle called in question !"

"Your due—your due ! Are you not taking it back with interest, and be damned to you ? 'Pon my life now—"

"My *honneur*, my reputation is in your hands !"

"My life and existence is in your arms ! Let me go, do !"

"Will you go to Paris, den ? Will you avow yourself de gentlemen of de tea-pot ! Will you save my *honneur* ?"

"Will you spare my life, I say ? Let me loose, and I'll go any, every where ."

"You will ?"

"I will."

"Go den," cried the Frenchman, loosening his hold—

"And be damned to you !" added my friend, by way of dove-tailing the colloquy, and re-adjusting his neckcloth, *cravat*, and curls.

A hurried explanation solved the enigma. The Frenchman was no other than the note-taking personage who travelled with my friend. He had passed a couple of months in this country at the time, and on his return to Paris had given a flimsy book to the public, called "*Travels in England*." Amongst other absurd traits of character, he asserted that Englishmen were so fond of tea, that they not only lived on it at home, but often travelled from one end of Europe to the other, tea-pot in hand. For this the unfortunate author was criticised, quizzed, and laughed at in all the Paris papers, and his book scouted for this one absurdity. He, however, believed what he had asserted from the

isolated instance of his own observation, and he thus exemplified the folly of hasty conclusions, jumped at from false premises. He was almost driven to madness by that severest test of all philosophy, but most of all *French* philosophy; and his joy knew no bounds at his recognition of the original and unconscious cause of his discomfiture.

He explained his grievance, and demanded, as an act of common justice at the hands of my friend, a full avowal in all the journals of Europe of the singular truth of his assertion; but being alive to reason as well as ridicule, he was, after some time, persuaded to abandon his request, and convinced that even the justification he sought would not be sufficient to disprove our homely proverb, that one swallow does not make a summer.

THE GRADUATE'S SONG.

It's I that is a bachelor, though married to the Muse,
I talks with all the gentlefolks, and flirts with all the blues;
It's I that looks as knowing now as any body can,
For once I was a Sophomore, but now I am a man.

I quotes the ancient classicals, I knows the newest tunes,
I wears a coat that's elegant, and striped pantaloons;
It's I that has the shiny boots, and sports the spotted gills,
It's I that drinks the Burgundy, and never pays my bills.

I keeps a little puppy dog, I has a little cane,
I beaus the pretty virgins out and beaus them home again;
It's I that pins their handkerchiefs, it's I that ties their shoes,
It's I that goes a shopping for to tell them what to choose.

Who should it be, of all the world, who should it be but I,
That writes the pretty poetry what makes the women cry?
I sees the people stare at me, because I looks so fine,
I loves the fat old grocer men, what asks me out to dine.

I knows a little Latin staff and half a line of Greek,
My barber is a Frencher man, he taught me how to speak;
It's I that makes the morning calls, it's I goes out to tea,
O dear! you never saw a man one half so cute as me.

THE IRON SHROUD;

OR ITALIAN VENGEANCE.

By the author of the "First and Last Dinner."

The castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of a towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanding a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur; and here, a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce, and unpitied revenge of an Italian heart.

VIVENZIO—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud, Vivenzio fell beneath this cruel and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spacious-constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grating windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, no chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner: and beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay when he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors double-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate,—of the living grave that had been prepared for him.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power.

with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy.

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings.

The stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed,—the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped

from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before: The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if he were more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were meddled with. The worst that could befall, if neither bribe, nor flattery, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! Here was no deception; and he was

now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast?

It was evident there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again, he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed

proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible ; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time ; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were four ! he could see only four : but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible ; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless ! For had a feather almost waved at the time he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall ; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his
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thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon *was* smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery—lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. “Yes!” he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—“Yes! it must be so! I see it! I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! it *must* be so!—Yes, yes, *that* is to be my fate! Yon roof *will* descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look

**down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death !
Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge ?”**

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony : tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him ; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter, and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger ; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food ; he drank with avidity of the water ; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept—but his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach ; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon’s ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands, to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio; but it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments—to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted by all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken *pity*! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to wait a

slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be afflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming !

“ It is not death I fear,” he exclaimed, “ but the death I must prepare for ! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—ll horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come ? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live ? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts ; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh ! for a deep sleep to fall upon me ! That so, in death’s likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, that my fainting spirit has already tasted !”

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance ; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed ; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied ; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate *was* to be what he foreboded, would be prefer-

able to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came ; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him ! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears ; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—“ Oh, my God ! my God ! you alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit ! ”

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows !—and *two* days—and all would be over ! Fresh food—fresh water ! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw ! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head ! The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them.—Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth—with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground—with a hard

quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe, the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads,—

“I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me; that ministered to his unhallowed purpose!—Miserable wretch, whoe’er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it!”

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, “Prepare!” Hope forsook him. There was his sentence recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descend-

ing horror—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims. "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do so much."

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows.—What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath quit the smiling paradise out-

stretched before him : till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished.— He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy ; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes ! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature ! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest ; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered !

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself ; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying ; at intervals, sleeping heavily ; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawn

ed upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITARY window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier!—When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could hardly stand upright. “God’s will be done!” was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and foot, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation. The object was, of course to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish, which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so dim-

ished that he could neither stand up or lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow ; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi ; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio ! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively put forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it ; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only, must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered

groans were heard no more ! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his IRON SHROUD.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

The Apostle Elliot and the Indians. While Elliot was engaged in translating the Bible into the Indian language he came to this passage—"The mother of Sisera looked out at the window and cried through the *lattice*" &c. Not knowing an Indian word to signify lattice, he applied to several of the natives, and endeavored to describe to them what a lattice resembled. He described it as a frame work, netting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him as illustrative ; when they gave him a long barbarous and unpronounceable word, as are many of the words in their language. Some years after, when he had learned their dialect more correctly, he is said to have laughed outright, upon finding that the Indians had given him the true term for eel-pot. "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *eel-pot*."

B.F.

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